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ON THE SEA SHORE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My soul was heavy, my heart was sore,
I wandered afar alone,
Over the cliffs, and over the shore,
Where the weary sea made moan.

Drearily whistled the cold north wind,
The weary sea made moan,
The sea-gull screamed from the cliff behind,
With salt moss overgrown.

The summer and summer-like hearts I loved;
And are they all outblown?—
Oh, years I have lived, oh, friends I have proved,
Forever and ever flown!

Drearily whistled the cold north wind,
The weary sea made moan,
The sea-gull screamed from the cliff behind,
I stood with my dreams, alone.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

Nine-tenths of the Marquis of Chillingham's guests were unacquainted with the cause of the commotion which followed the sudden outcry of Cyril Kingswood, and his subsequent fall powerless into his seat.

The commencement of a ballad in private society, or a favorite and almost necessarily an exquisite aria in public, is unfortunately too frequently a signal for very active and audible conversation. In the higher circles of society, and especially in those which ape their manners and customs, a musical performance is deemed apparently an excellent opportunity for confidential communications, elegantly spiteful criticisms of the private history of mutual friends, or eager discussions upon the merits and demerits of public men. The occasion is seized for the undertone promulgation of scandal, of inuendoes, shruggings of shoulders, elevating of eyebrows and ominous shakes of the head; of buzzing chit-chat; of all kinds of whisperings; of everything almost, save a commonly respectful attention to the performer.

The *salon* of the Marquis of Chillingham proved no exception to the usual course of proceedings; the conduct, therefore, of Cyril, and even the remarkable repetition of the last two lines of the song in another, sweeter voice—the long, thrilling, plaintive agony of the tones, as they trembled among the fret-work of the richly-ornamented and lofty ceiling—excited notice only in his immediate vicinity. To many who did observe it, it was a complete enigma, while of those who really knew the cause the number was narrowed to three—Cyril himself, Lord Kingswood and Ishmael.

As the latter rose up suddenly before Cyril, and thrust him back, his eyes for an instant gleamed savagely upon Lord Kingswood, who shrank back appalled; the next moment he disappeared, leaving his lordship afraid to move or to make a demonstration of any kind, that he might avoid in this distressing moment calling public attention to himself.

Not so Lady Kingswood. She lost all her rancorous emotions of anger and revenge in the feelings of a mother. Her quick eye caught sight of Cyril's sudden movement, her ready ear his words. Although they were strange to her, her woman's quickness of penetration enabled her to interpret them with a very close approximation to their right meaning. She instantly quitted her seat, and twined her arm round her son's neck, and supported his pale, almost lifeless face upon her bosom.

The Marquis of Chillingham scarcely ever losing his presence of mind, and averse to scenes of any kind, glided to Lady Kingswood's side, and immediately passing his arm round Cyril's waist, he assisted him to quit the *salon*—not until he had motioned to Lord Kingswood with his hand to remain quietly in his seat for a short time and then to follow.

Lord Kingswood understood him. He bit his trembling upper lip with his teeth until the blood came. Any other man but the Marquis to have conducted his wife and son from the hall, he could have borne with equanimity, but his jealous suspicions once aroused, every movement of the Marquis and Lady Kingswood, even of the commonest civility, disturbed him.

Nevertheless, he was judicious enough to perceive that the Marquis suggested the most discreet course, and he remained in his seat, although his restless, inflamed eyes watched every movement of his wife and of the Marquis until they disappeared. He then plunged into a distressing reverie, filled with hideous misgivings and distracting forebodings, from which he was aroused by a buzzing murmur of applause attending the conclusion of the ballad which had so seriously affected Cyril. Applause, indeed, bestowed chiefly by those who had not heard a note or a word of the song, and who declared the melody enchanting and the execution admirable.

Lord Kingswood, startled by the bustle which prevailed, looked wildly around him, and his eye caught sight of the face of Lady Maud turned towards him with a distressed and appealing look. He quitted his seat and approached her.

She rose and took his arm.

"I feel indisposed, my lord," she said, in a tremulous voice. "Will you favor me by taking me to Lady Kingswood? I shall be glad to be enabled to return home."

"And I!" almost groaned Lord Kingswood.

Lady Maud turned, made a slight bow to Carlton Stanhope, and almost hurried Lord Kingswood away, leaving Carlton in the middle of a high-flown speech.

He looked disconcerted, and smoothed down his mustaches reflectively.

His sister Beatrice leaned over him, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Did you observe Mr. Gower?" she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, sharply.

"And the young, pale girl with him?" she added.

"Yes," he replied, as laconically.

"What remark did Lady Maud make upon them as they passed?" she asked, with a slight tremor of anxiety in her voice.

"She made none," he answered.

"Not an observation?" she said, with surprise.

"Not a word. Why?" he rejoined.

"Nothing of importance," returned Beatrice, thoughtfully. "I fancied she would be struck by the remarkable appearance both presented, and the very unusual mode they adopted of passing like royalty down the centre of the *salon*. Do you know the young—a—creature accompanying Mr. Gower?"

"No," responded Carlton, still playing thoughtfully with his mustache.

"I thought Mr. Gower was without friends!" she continued, with persistency, aiming at a certain point.

"He had none, I believe, at school," was the reply.

"He appears to have found some now, people apparently of some position," she observed.

"Ye—es," replied her brother, musingly.

"I don't believe you have heard a word I have said to you, Carlton," she exclaimed, pettishly.

"No—no—I don't think she is," he returned.

She shook his arm.

"Pray, of whom are you thinking?" she inquired, with a slight vexation in her tone.

He started.

"You were speaking of Lady Maud, were you not?" he asked, with some embarrassment.

"Of Mr. Gower," she replied, petulantly.

"True, but you did mention Lady Maud," he returned.

"No," she replied, hastily.

"I thought you did," he rejoined. "By the way, Beatrice, tell me, don't you think Lady Maud is changed?"

"In what respect?" she inquired.

"In her manner," he replied. "I fancy she is colder—not haughtier—but more distant."

Beatrice smiled.

"She was always coy and reserved," she answered, "besides, you were a little exultant in your attentions to her, and she is engaged, you know."

"Engaged!" exclaimed Carlton, with a sudden display of excitement.

"Yes, to one Mr. Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, the descendant of an old Gloucestershire family.

"That accounts for her altered manner," observed Carlton, a flush rising to his cheek. "It is that she hates the engagement; she is sad, not cold—in fact, she absolutely wept when the dull song was sung a few minutes back."

Beatrice looked up at him with some little surprise, and then said, in a meaning tone—

"Does Lady Maud know Mr. Gower?"

"What a preposterous question! No," he replied, readily.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Quite. Beatrice, you grow ridiculous.—How could Gower know Lady Maud St. Clair?" he exclaimed, almost derisively.

"Mr. Cyril Kingswood knew him, evidently intimately," she returned.

"True," he said, reflectively. "Yet I do not see—"

"Make the inquiry," she interposed, "before you form any conclusion, and—and—I think, if I were you, I would ascertain who that young person is that was with him—perhaps a new-found sister."

"It would be odd if he knew Lady Maud," muttered Carlton; "he was strangely silent about it if he does."

"You can easily ascertain that," she rejoined. "Cyril Kingswood will himself tell you. Perhaps he will be able to give you some information respecting the young creature I alluded to just now. There is something so strange about her that—"

"She is just the very creature to be Gower's sister," joined Carlton. "He is a strange fellow enough, and always was so. But Atrice, what do you know of this Mr. Philip Avon?"

"A raw, country, gawky young squire," she returned; "at least, I expect so. He comes of an old-fashioned stock, has plenty of broad acres, and numberless dirty country notes."

"Dirty country notes!" repeated Carlton, with a laugh.

"Who ever saw a clean one?" she inquired, with *naïveté*. "I remember, while staying with our cousins the Cannings, in Buckinghamshire, that a rent-day occurred, and I happened to pass through the hall where the tenants were paying the steward. The quantity of dingy notes in the course of collection was surprising. I suggested to cousin Cannington that he should permit his steward to wear gloves, and then he rather testily produced what he called a new note. Upon my word, it looked quite as dingy and undecipherable as the others. But to return to our subject. When you see Mr. Gower, you will be sure to ask him if his sister accompanied him here to-night, and whether he really is acquainted with Lady Maud?"

"I will, Atrice; and I'll know something more of Mr. Philip Avon, too," he replied.

They ceased speaking, because Sir Harris Blanhope, who had been engaged in conversation with a nobleman of high rank, returned to his daughter's side, and said—

"Has Mr. Gower made his appearance again?"

"No," she returned, stifling a slight yawn.

"Carlton, see if you can discover him," exclaimed his father, addressing him, "if you succeed, bring him here; I wish particularly to have a few words with him."

Carlton rose and disappeared, and when he returned, declaring his inability to discover him, the hour was sufficiently late for them to retire.

In the meantime Lord Kingswood conducted Lady Maud to their carriage, and brief as was the interval between Lady Kingswood's departure and his following her, she had made it sufficient to depart to her residence with Cyril, without waiting for his lordship to accompany her.

Notwithstanding many other serious matters of a kind to distract him, this perversity, and, as he considered, reckless conduct on the part of Lady Kingswood, enraged him beyond description. What was personal to himself, he, like most others of his kind, thought and believed the world took notice of and talked about. It is more than probable that the conduct of Lady Kingswood, her sullen vindictiveness, her reprehensible flirtation, and her utter disregard of his feelings, would not have affected him at all, or but in a very slight degree, but for this impression. So long as the world observed and talked, so long every departure of hers from the strict regulations by which society is very properly governed, wounded him acutely—not with grief, but rage. He felt the pangs of wounded pride—not of a wounded heart; the emotions of shame and contumely—not those keen bitternesses which spring from an abased and outraged love.

He sat, morose and silent, with Lady Maud in the carriage, as it whirled them at a furious pace to their residence, and he briefly bade her good-night on parting with her. It had been his intention to send her to Lady Kingswood with a request to attend him in his library before she retired for the night, but he feared to face her, feared to be paralysed by her question respecting the paternity of Erle Gower. For though he would not under ordinary circumstances hesitate to disavow him, he felt that he was known to Lady Kingswood under extraordinary circumstances; that with regard to him he stood upon a volcano, which at any moment might vomit forth fiery annihilation.

When he quitted England, after the birth of Erle, he had, as he told Ishmael, placed at a banker's a sum to purchase an annuity for his mother, and he presumed it had been done. Of her he had heard nothing since, until Ishmael, like a spirit of wrath and evil, appeared before him. He had now to learn whether she yet existed. If she did, and Ishmael had spoken the truth, he was a bigamist, and equally amenable to the laws with the commonest individual in the realm.

It was the knowledge of this which crippled his action with Lady Kingswood. He could enter into no explanation with her. To make "a clean breast of it" to her would be to culminate the mischief. She was in some degree manageable, so long as uncertainty hung over her suspicions; but once make her wrongs patent to her, only give to her the proof that she had been deceived and wronged, and he could form no conception to what frantic actions her ideas of avenging herself would hurry her.

He was forced, therefore, with respect to her, to adopt a "masterly inaction," unpleasant though it might be, and with respect to Erle and his mother, to leave no stone unturned to know the worst. As soon as he had conquered this information, then it would be the moment to face his difficulties boldly—grapple with them and subdue them or perish in the struggle.

He had no doubt that Erle Gower was his son. Strive as he would to believe that he was some impostor forced upon him merely to serve the purposes of Ishmael, there were too many coincidental circumstances attending his sojourn at Kingswood Hall to confirm the truth of his enemy's assertion for him to entertain any other conviction.

Yet that conviction was about to be shaken in a very rude way. On entering his study, he perceived his valet Pharisee with a face as white as marble, standing like a phantom by a tall book case, which he held firmly with one hand.

Lord Kingswood almost touched him before he saw him, and then he started back for the moment alarmed. He, however, recognized him, and said, sternly—

"Is it you, Pharisee? You have angered me—angered me much, by your gross neglect of your duty this evening. But I am not now in the mood to speak with you; to-morrow you shall be in full possession of my views regarding your most improper and most unusual absence. Go, leave me; I shall not require your services, nor shall I further speak with you to-night."

"But mus' spik 'thyou t'night, tho' m'lor," hiccupped Pharisee, in a thick and almost inarticulate tone of voice.

Lord Kingswood's brows contracted; he looked at Pharisee as he swayed to and fro with an air of bewildered astonishment. He had never seen him at any time during his period of service under the influence of wine or spirits; he was therefore amazed, and inexpressibly disgusted, to find him absolutely, and almost helplessly, intoxicated.

He strode across the room to the bell, but before he could place his hand upon it, Pharisee made a dart from the spot where he had been standing, and falling down by the side of the bell-handle, he laid both hands upon it.

Lord Kingswood stepped back wrathfully, but ere he could speak, Pharisee exclaimed—

"Don' ring bell, m'lor; mos' imporl't news a tell you. Jes one mom'nt, m'lor'."

Lord Kingswood turned disdainfully from him, and approached another bell situated in a different part of the apartment. Pharisee, however, crawled after him on hands and knees.

"Hear me, m'lor'!" he cried, making desperate exertions to speak more distinctly. "Mist'r Gower not y'r son, not y'r son, not y'r son, 'll swear it."

These words, which his lordship instantly interpreted correctly, made him start.

"How, fellow! what do you mean?" he cried. "Mr. Gower not my son; who had the audacity to say he was?"

"One mom'nt, m'lor'," returned Pharisee, trying to raise himself from the floor, but falling helplessly across a chair; "I've seen ol' man 'night knows all—everythin'; wher' Gower born, whar' Gower school, who he is, who he is, everythin'—all 'bout 'im."

"How is this?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with extended eyes. "Are you mad as well as drunk?"

"No' drunk, m'lor'. No' drunk, m'lor', but drugged—drugged," responded Pharisee; "but me take'n ant'dote; better presen'ly, tell you all."

"Drugged!" echoed Lord Kingswood. "By whom?"

"Ol' man. Ol' man," hiccupped Pharisee, "gage to meet me tell m' all. Did tell me, but drug me too."

"Why should he drug you?" inquired Lord Kingswood, strangely interested by the confused and incoherent expressions Pharisee let fall.

"D'now, d'now," said Pharisee, shaking his head. "Find that out. But, m'lor', oblige me some caud'kolu—caud'kolu."

Lord Kingswood regarded him earnestly for a minute, and then proceeding to a drawer in his library table, produced a bottle of eau de cologne. Pharisee staggered to the table, and poured some into a tumbler of water, which he drank off. He then saturated his handkerchief with it, and bound it round his temples, and then sat down with his face buried in his hands for a few minutes, Lord Kingswood surveying him all the time with an expression of doubt, expectation, and wonder marked upon his features.

Presently Pharisee rose up and said, in an altered tone of voice—

"I am better, m'lord. I am aware y'r lor'ship is angry with me for my absence, but accident threw me some little time since into the society of an old man standing at a door in Eaton Square."

"A stranger to you," inquired Lord Kingswood.

"A stranger," responded Pharisee, still speaking thickly, though it was evident that he was rapidly recovering from the effects of the potations in which he had indulged. But his face seemed to grow ghastlier and paler each moment. "I had observed Mr. Gower and a beautiful young girl enter the house—"

"Ha!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, "this is news indeed. Did any one accompany them?"

"There did, my lord: a tall, pale-faced gentleman, habited in deep mourning," replied Pharisee.

"The same. Proceed, Pharisee," remarked his lordship, adopting a milder tone than he had previously addressed to him. "You know the house which they entered?"

"I do, my lord," replied Pharisee. "I marked it down. At this door stood an old man, who seemed to be watching those who entered as sharply as myself. A few words passed between us; he mentioned your name, that of Mr. Gower, knew me, and in a minute or two gave me to understand that he was in possession of secrets you would gladly have communicated to you. Doubting him, I made an appointment to meet him, and I availed myself of your lordship's absence to keep it. I sat alone with him in his room, and he introduced some hot liquor. I consented to take some, because I could see that he would drink too, and I thought it would make him loquacious and communicative, and—"

"What did you extract from him?"

"That he, my lord, was acquainted with the history of Mr. Gower and his origin. He told me, my lord, that—that a child—not Lady Kingswood's, my lord—that a child was born you—and—"

"Go on, man; why do you pause now?" cried Lord Kingswood.

"My lord, I feel deathly faint," murmured Pharisee, gasping as though he were about to expire.

Lord Kingswood shook him fiercely and savagely.

"Go on," he exclaimed between his teeth. "Tell me what you heard, all—all. I must know all."

"He said," gasped Pharisee, "that Mr. Gower was not that child; that the child was reported dead, but that it did not die, and—oh, I am dying!"

Lord Kingswood clutched him by wrist and collar, and cried—

"Proceed, Pharisee. What more, what more?"

His rough usage seemed to keep the ghastly man from fainting, and he murmured—

"The child was—was—a girl."

"A girl!" cried Lord Kingswood. "Folly absurdity, madness."

"The man declares that he is in possession of all the necessary proofs and particulars, and at any specified time he can produce them—water—my lord, water!"

Lord Kingswood gave him some of the water which contained some eau de cologne in it, and after drinking he appeared to revive a little.

"What became of the child—this girl?" asked Lord Kingswood, with an expression of doubt upon his face.

"She was carried away, and brought up near to Kingswood Hall, my lord," answered Pharisee, in a faint voice.

"Near to Kingswood Hall?" iterated Lord

THE INTERRUPTED INTERVIEW.

Kingswood. "What place—what part—where?" he interrogated quickly.

"Within the Chace," replied Pharisee, speaking with difficulty.

"The Chace! The Chace!" repeated Lord Kingswood, his thoughts running over the names of various servants settled on certain portions of the Chace which were cleared, although they still bore the name. "It is impossible—I should certainly have heard of her if this story were true."

"You have, my lord," returned Pharisee, turning his hollow, spectral eyes upon him.

"Heard of her—under what name?" cried his lordship, eagerly.

"THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE!" replied Pharisee, in a species of unearthly whisper.

Had he levelled a lance, and thrust it through the breast of Lord Kingswood, he could hardly have inflicted a more terrible shock upon him. He staggered back and clasped at the table for support. He placed his hand upon his breast, and he groaned aloud.

He turned to Pharisee, and said, in tones hardly distinct from the emotion he suffered—

"This cannot be true. It is a wild, improbable, frantic fiction. How could this man know what became of the child whose existence has only recently been a matter of dispute?"

"How, my lord, should he have known that Kingswood Chace had its Wonder, and that it was a woman?" returned Pharisee, in weak tones. "How should he have known any part of the story? Be sure, my lord, he knows all, and that strange Spectre of the Chace, which the gamekeeper, and the assistants, and woodman all speak to having seen, is no spectre at all, but the true, breathing, living child of which he spoke, and your daughter."

Lord Kingswood closed his eyes, and his lips grew white and trembling.

"*Her* child the omen of my downfall and my death! *her* child—to—be—the—Cyril—Cyril. Oh, my God! I feel Thy vengeance now."

Pharisee, unable longer, from faintness and exhaustion, to sustain the interview, tottered with noiseless step from the apartment, and when Lord Kingswood looked up once more, he was alone.

He uttered a despairing cry, and burying his hands in his hair, flung himself, in a paroxysm of intense mental torture, upon a couch.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The old adage that "seeing is believing," is not always borne out by actual fact, or else why do we have the antithesis, "appearances are deceitful?" Poor Violet saw, as she believed, Cyril Kingswood in felicitous communion with Eleanor Cotton, she herself being no more remembered by him, and this presumption was confirmed, when, knowing that he saw her, she looked at him appealingly for one little word, one fond, gentle glance, and he turned from her with downcast eyes and a cold, apathetic manner.

She saw this and believed her eyes. She remembered the hoar old wood illuminated by the radiance of his handsome face, beaming eyes and loving smile. She compared it with its expression now; she coupled it with the experience of Miss Virgo, so ruthlessly communicated, and then she saw and remembered, for the time, no more.

When she recovered her consciousness she was lying upon a couch in a small chamber alone, and ringing in her ears, the words—

> "Oh, how truly that hour foretold
> Sorrow to this."

Instinctively she repeated, with passionate energy, and as passionate grief, the words, dwelling with trembling fervor upon them, until they faded into sobs, into a bitter prostration of anguish, which broke down all barriers of control, and rendered her unconscious and careless of the outer world and its movements.

She heard the whispered words of Ishmael fall into her ear without heeding them. She was aware that she was enveloped in a cloak, hurried to a carriage, whirled back to the hated mansion to which she had been consigned as to a prison, and replaced in the solitude of her chamber, without a gesture or word of dissent. She was hopeless and careless now of life or any pleasure or joy it might offer her.

She had seen, and she believed. Her heart was crushed. What, therefore, was the world to her?

Erle, too, had seen, but his believing took another form.

He had been prepared by Ishmael to expect to see Lord Kingswood, and bear himself with lofty haughtiness of manner, in order that his lordship might perceive and comprehend that he was neither unknown, friendless, nor powerless.

The presence of Lord and Lady Kingswood at the Marquis of Chillingham's brilliant assembly augured also the presence of Lady Maud.

So, from the instant he entered the mansion of the Marquis until his longing eyes were gratified, he glanced in every direction for the fair, sweet face of Lady Maud.

And he beheld it, shining, fair and beautiful—a star among the fair and beautiful.

A turn of his eye enabled him to see that her eyes were downcast, and that the expression of her face was that of one who either listened with deep attention to the airy words poured into her ear by her young, elegant and handsome companion, or that she was in a state of deep abstraction.

He was rejoiced to find that her companion was not Philip Avon—he perceived that it was Carlton Stanhope—he could have borne to see her leaning, clinging tenderly to the arm of anyone but Philip Avon.

He gnashed his teeth at the base possibility of her doing so even by compulsion. He thought it not unnatural that she should listen even with pleasure to the soft flatterings of Carlton Stanhope; he was young, handsome, frank, full of animation and agreeable observations, which, if amounting to nothing in themselves, are always acceptable to the gentler sex. But he felt it to be odiously preposterous for her to submit to the repulsive attentions of Philip Avon.

He felt that, had he beheld her in that mild, listening attitude, hanging on Philip Avon's arm, he should have forgotten all—wildly, madly risked the happiness of his future career, and dashed his clenched hand in his face.

He did not suffer his eye to dwell upon her pale and beautiful features for more than an instant; he did not seek to catch her glance, he knew not why; he was unconscious, therefore, whether she had caught sight of him as he passed; and having once quitted the brilliant hall, glittering with gay and distinguished throngs, he seemed to have no heart to re-enter it.

Once only he was moved to retrace his steps. The thought that, Lady Maud being present, Philip Avon might be there too, though engaged in some other part of the *salon* at the moment he passed through it with Violet. Then he remembered the severity of the wounds he had inflicted upon him, and doubted that, even with youth and strength in his favor, he could have so far recovered as to mingle in scenes of excitement such as the Marquis of Chillingham's assembly.

He had an almost irresistible desire to know of the condition of Philip Avon. Since he had fled from the Chace, leaving his bleeding body upon the ground, he had not heard his name fall from any lip, and he wanted to know whether it was his purpose to resume his wooing to Lady Maud, what fashion it would take, and under what auspices it would be prosecuted—whether the Lady Maud would turn a dull ear to his offensive protestations, or whether, tender and yielding in her nature, she would obey the commands of Lord Kingswood and become his bride. He turned cold and sick and then hot and furious at the thought.

He too had a strange yearning to revisit Kingswood. He had a strong desire to re-enter the old library once more, and again reperuse the words which had opened the eyes of his heart, and try and discover whether Lady Maud had touched it since he, after writing those lines on the margin, had replaced it in its old resting-place on the time-worn shelf.

If she had?

He passed his hand over his heated brow, and drew a long breath.

If she had, she might have added a word—only a word—either as punishment for his temerity, or in delicious confession that she had not been offended by the spontaneous offering of a faithful, undivided, unselfish, adoring heart.

He yet had the key which, by the ancient outlet, would admit him to the haunted chambers. There he could obtain the key of the library, and in the silent night, by the aid of a lamp, he could gratify his longing wish.

He decided to again visit Kingswood in secret and in the night. If seen, he would be regarded only as the phantom said to flit about the older portion of Kingswood Hall and to wander about the Chace.

This was a resolution which, though abruptly formed, could not be carried out at a moment's notice; but he determined not to lose any opportunity which might at an early period be available.

In the meanwhile he submitted himself patiently to the direction of Ishmael. He was already a finished fencer, shot, rider, and, in fact, was master of all manly accomplishments; but still he attended persistently the best schools in which the various manly acquirements were taught, and practised untiringly all those higher and more desperate feats in horsemanship and the use of the small sword which few men dare to encounter.

It was as though he was preparing for some deadly encounter, or some more than usually hazardous adventure, and he occasionally startled his masters, bold proficients in their various arts as they were, by feats which made them turn pale to witness.—Fiercely animated while executing these passages, he subsided into a quiet, cold, reserved manner when his exercise was over, and caused those who witnessed him to marvel at his singular reticence and impassibility, as by the savage impetuosity with which he fought or rode.

It was a strange regulation of Ishmael's that each took their meals in their own apartment. Whether it was to prevent the familiarity of association lowering the awe he sought to inspire was left unexplained. Erle and Violet but rarely met, and then only for a second unattended by Ishmael. He seldom visited either, and when he did, it was only with a view of enforcing some point of action which should aid in furthering his terrible and relentless designs upon Lord Kingswood.

One morning, however, Erle having equipped himself for a ride, resolved upon taking this opportunity to make a morning call upon the Stanhopes. Ishmael had urged him to cultivate the acquaintance of Sir Harris Stanhope, with this counsel—that he was to listen attentively to all that fell from the old Baronet's lips, but to keep a padlock upon his own tongue on all matters relative to himself and those connected with him.

He was directed to reap, not to sow.

As he was about to quit his apartment he was startled by perceiving Violet just within the threshold of the door.

She had closed it behind her, and stood gazing upon him with her finger upon her lip.

He had not seen her since the night at the Marquis of Chillingham's. He knew that she had fainted, for he assisted to convey her to the couch upon which, under the superintendence of the Marquis of Chillingham, she was laid; but Ishmael had dismissed him with a few words, suggesting that, unused to the excitement of so brilliant a scene as that she had entered hand-in-hand with him, she had been overcome by it. From that hour to the present moment he had not seen her.

By inquiry, he knew that she was indisposed, but he was not prepared to find her with a face so wan and woebegone, a frame so feeble and delicate that it seemed as though she would, unless at once supported, sink, from mere powerlessness, prostrate upon the ground.

And it occurred to him by an instantaneous flash of thought, that the natures of the best of the human race are selfish; that their instincts are selfish; that even the griefs, the sorrows, the joys, and the pleasures of life, are but a long succession of selfish emotions.

He had been thinking of his future, of his past, of Lady Maud St. Clair, of the revelations which awaited him, of the position he should eventually take up in society, of everything but her who shared with him the mystery which hung over their origins, the cloud that rested on their fate, the thraldom which made him restive, and her—what he beheld.

A pang smote his heart, and a heat-flush of shame passed across his brow, as he felt that he had thoughtlessly neglected her, and that she needed the sympathy and the solace of friendship yet more than he did.

It seemed to her that he stood long regarding her, and she lifted her clasped hands entreatingly towards him.

You, too, will not turn from me?" she murmured.

He advanced quickly to her, and she sank into his arms and sobbed upon his breast.

And he whispered gentle, soothing words in her ears, and he prayed her to calm and compose herself, and told her if she had sorrows and wrongs to unburthen, that she might do so freely to him, for he would hear her as a brother.

"I have already promised you," he said, "that I would be a true and faithful friend to you, because there exists a common tie of sympathy between us. As Ishmael has told us, because we have both been deprived of even the knowledge of our parents, and have both been reared in isolation. He has entrusted you, indeed, in his absence to my keeping, and you will hardly have forgotten the words with which he placed your hand, Violet, in mine."

She upraised her moistened eyes to his, and said, in low, tremulous tones, but strangely clear and distinct, words which made him thrill to the very marrow with awe.

"I scarce know what I am, or what thou art. I am not a creature fitted to this place. My home is in the woods, in the shadowy coverts, in the leafy recesses, where my eyes can gaze upwards and see the bright, free sky between the many-shaped interstices, where my hands can pluck the bright, growing flowers, and my feet press lightly the softly-yielding grass. I cannot bear this massive, solid house, these gilded, heated rooms, this pomp, these strange beings, waiting about us, watching our steps, our movements, glaring at us. Take me as—"

"Violet!" he softly ejaculated, gazing uneasily at the wild expression in her eyes.

"Take me away," she whispered, clinging closer to him, and bending upon him a passionately appealing look. "You have power. You are the spirit who roams at night, and in the moonbeams, in the Chace. I have seen your form in the misty hollows. I have seen you glide like a fleecy cloud down the glade. I have seen your solemn eyes upturned to my chamber-window in the old, old hunting-tower. I have heard your long, long sigh of agony—oh, how its prolonged, pitiful moan, has made my blood curdle, and my flesh crawl and creep! I have heard your bitter wail of repentance for her—for her lost to you for ever, for her you loved—and slew—slew. Oh, go—go—go. No, I dare not trust you, for even you raised the red right hand you bear to crimson it yet deeper in the heart's blood of her you sought to love. Love—love; oh, men never love, they woo only to deceive and to destroy. Go, I will not trust you!"

She abruptly wrenched herself from his embrace, and made for the door, but he placed himself before her. He turned the key in the lock, and he placed his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Violet," he said, in his tenderest tones, "dear Violet, listen to me. Compose yourself. Think steadfastly what you are, and I will tell you what I am—at least, whatever I may be. I am no spirit. Neither are you, but a young, delicate girl, reared in the heart of a lone wood, and suddenly transplanted into the heart of a gay and exciting metropolis, which bewilders and terrifies you, and which saddens and prostrates you because you believe that within it you have discovered that man is treacherous, heartless, false, fashioned only to dupe, to plunder maidens' hearts, and to betray."

Violet, who had buried her face in her hands, withdrew them from before it, and raising it, said—

"It is so."

"No," he responded, emphatically.

She looked apprehensively around her. She turned her large eyes to the window, and looked up at the clear, sunny sky, and then spreading her hands towards him, she exclaimed,

"Take me back to Kingswood!"

He took her hands in his, and looked sadly in her face. He remained silent, for his brain was full of strange, unutterable thoughts.

"It matters little what I am," she continued, in a plaintive voice. "Ishmael tells me I have a destiny to fulfil. Let me fulfil it there. I was happy there—I can be happy there again—in a grave. I ask only to be taken there to lie down and rest beneath a tree which overhangs the running stream, listening patiently to its never-ending warblings. My happiness blossomed there—it perished when I was torn away from it."

She bowed her weeping eyes upon his hand.

He bent over her head, and whispered in her ear,

"Cyril!"

The effect was electric. She threw up her head with her white face turned towards him, and said, with bitter emphasis,

"Speak not his name to me; he is false!"

Erle gazed steadfastly into her eyes, and said,

"Who hath told you so?"

"I saw him; he turned his gaze from me. I appealed to him with beseeching look to speak to me—he turned from me coldly, silently, cruelly—cruelly!"

"Where did he do this?" he inquired, quietly but earnestly.

"In that great, flashing, brilliant hall, where the sounds of music distracted my brain, and the throngs of human creatures bewildered me," she returned, excitedly.

"Yet you saw him?" he asked.

"And should had there been ten thousand lights and myriads of beings whirling and darting to and fro," she returned, quickly. "He, too, beheld me—and he would not speak one word. I would have dared all—even though I had fallen dead at his feet. I would have spoken to him, if only one little word—his lips moved not even to speak to me."

"Violet," said Erle, with a tone of voice not stern, nor yet harsh, but so emphatic as to partake something of the character of both, "you have known Cyril Kingswood for years?"

"Since our days of childhood, when we first met in the depths of the Chace," she returned, in a faint voice.

"In all those years did Cyril ever break to you a promise he had made?" he asked.

"Never," she replied, quickly and emphatically.

"He came to you at all times and seasons, in the storm as in the fair weather; in the driving sleet as in the sunshine; at the dawn, or at the sunset; never failing if he had promised?"

"Never," she returned, musingly. "He brought to me once a silver horn, and when I wished to see him, and he was not near, I sounded a note upon it. It was not always I could keep my tryst—the presence of Ishmael prevented me at times."

"But he came whenever you summoned him?" said Erle.

"Oh, yes. Ever—ever! I was as sure of his coming as of the sun at the dawning," she replied, an expression of pleased remembrance passing over her features.

"And during all these years, Violet, he professed to love you?" he interrogated, earnestly.

"Indeed he did, fondly, ardently," she returned, faintly.

"And of the honor, the truth, and the purity of his love you had no cause to doubt?"

"He appeared to be honorable, and then all truth, as I take Heaven to witness," she replied, speaking with ardor.

"When I met you in the moonlight, by the side of the stream of which you have spoken, and to which you have expressed a wish to return, you said that Ishmael had separated you from Cyril."

"He did," she replied, in a low tone.

"In that hour what said Cyril Kingswood to Ishmael?" interrogated Erle, with a steadfast gaze upon her face.

Her countenance lighted up with a sudden enthusiasm. She clasped her hands together, and with animation, said,

"He upraised his hands to Heaven, and said—'If I have won her heart, my hand, my love, my life shall be devoted to her.'"

"And Ishmael?" asked Erle.

"Scorned, spurned him," she answered. "He fastened Tubal Kish upon him, and—"

"I know the rest," interposed Erle, and added, with solemnity, "by the will of Providence, I broke through an impending thicket to arrest his hand, grasping a wood-knife, raised to plunge in his heart."

Violet uttered a low shriek of horror.

"The hand was that of Tubal Kish," continued Erle. "Cyril Kingswood, in his struggles to rejoin you when borne from him, met with almost a death-blow. Tell me, Violet, and think before you answer, what is there in all this conduct to raise a suspicion in your mind that Cyril Kingswood is false, treacherous, perjured?"

She uttered a faint cry and staggered back. She pressed her hands upon her temples and gazed on Erle affrightedly.

"For long years he has devoted himself to you. In every test—unintentionally, it is true, but not the less a test prepared for him—he has proved neither false, frivolous, weak or infirm in his truth. You were separated from him, not he from you; what, therefore, is there in the history of the past that you should judge of him so harshly for one yet unexplained act of the present? What has he done beyond all extenuation or forgiveness, that you should weep your life away in hopeless sorrow? Does your own heart, your own reason, your own hope in the future, find no plea for him? Do you believe the whole human race vile? No! Yet, if there are exceptions, why not he among them, Violet? You have seen strange and inexplicable things in your woodland life.—You have beheld the bird chase the butterfly to destroy it—the hawk pursue the sparrow to slay it. You have seen the lightning-stroke prostrate a fair and noble tree, and it has seemed to you strange and pitiful, and yet you have been taught that it is for a wise and beneficent purpose. Hard to believe, you have yet had FAITH in the wisdom and goodness of Almighty Heaven. What is all your weeping and your sorrow, your repining and your heart-breaking? You are yet separated from Cyril by a stern edict of him who exercises power over you and over me. Would you have Cyril lack *faith* in you because he is kept from you, because he sees you not, knows not whither you wander, or with whom? Would you have him, upon an impression which might be explained away, believe you to be false, perjured, faithless?"

She wrung her hands, but could not utter a word.

"I, too, love," he cried, with sadder energy. "It may be that I may never more speak one simple word to her who holds my heart. I may never again touch her hand, or bend my fond eyes on hers, but I have unbounded faith in her spotless integrity. Though worlds divided us, I would laugh to scorn all calumnies, all imputations uttered to weaken my faith in her. She alone by her words to me, more than by her acts to others, should undeceive me."

Violet leaned her head upon his shoulder. He took her hand and pressed it.

"Your position is a painful one, Violet," he said, gently and kindly. "You, as myself, are surrounded by mysteries which are like entangling webs, but I will cut my way free through them, and, sister in isolation, in tribulation, in strange, undefined orphanage, I will lift you up to happiness with me."

"I am but a child in this strange world's ways," she murmured, through her tears; "but your words have made me stronger and more hopeful. I have been terrified by what I have been told; yet, oh! my own heart is faithful—and he so good, so generous, so noble, so pure, I will not believe he can be false to me."

"Yet we shall prove it," said Ishmael, harshly, as he suddenly appeared from a recess.

Violet shrieked, and retreated from him with a shudder.

An expression of indescribable pain passed over his face, and he said—

"Do not fear me, poor girl. Well, my lessons of the world are hard to con. I would save you from the agony of finding your faith to be a rotten reed; but take your own way now—indulge in your day-dream; the wakening will come, and too soon, be it when it may."

He turned to Erle, who stood regarding him with a fiery and indignant expression on his features.

"I have played the part of the eavesdropper. Well," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I did not intend it, but I have learned a lesson by it, too. Boy, you reason readily, but your reasoning would conduct an unsuspecting lamb into the rapacious jaws of a remorseless wolf. Violet, my love!" he exclaimed, turning to her, and addressing her in kind tones, "I wish you to accompany me in a ride. You will join us, Erle. I have news for you which may probably go some way to upset your golden-age theories."

Violet turned a grateful look on Erle, as she quitted the apartment, and he, with a frown yet upon his bright young brow, followed the footsteps of Ishmael, and he, too, left the chamber. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a loan copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

FALSE RUMORS.

Our readers must not suppose that we are responsible for the truth of all we publish in the news departments of THE POST. In exciting times like the present, false rumors are continually circulating, some set afloat designedly still further to inflame the public mind, others through misapprehension. As a sample of these false rumors, take the following, which went the rounds a week or two ago:—

"Colonel Magruder, of the United States army, who is on leave of absence, has been drilling, for some time past, a troop of cavalry, in Maryland, in the vicinity of the Federal capital, which fact is believed to have some connexion with the plot to seize the city."

The brother of Col. Magruder contradicts the above report—which, it will be observed, is not given as a mere rumor, but as a positive statement—in the most emphatic language. He says, in a letter to the *National Intelligencer*:—

In the present feverish state of the public mind, it may be proper to arrest a rumor which, in ordinary times, would be rendered innocent by its absurdity.

On behalf of my brother, Col. Magruder, now absent on duty—*not on leave*—in Europe, I ask space to contradict this statement. I may add, without impropriety, that no one who knows Colonel M. would for a moment deem him capable of the baseness of meditating the "seizure" of the public property, drilling troops for such a purpose, or in any wise "plotting" or advising the overthrow of the Government whilst he held a commission under its authority, drew his pay from its treasury, and stood under the folds of its flag.

ALLAN B. MAGRUDER.

That is "a horse of an entirely different color." And in view of such *mistakes* of the Newspaper Reporters, to call them by no milder name, our readers would do well *not* to believe too hastily everything nowadays that they see in the papers.

A BAD PRACTICE.

In reading the reports of the proceedings of Congress, we frequently see references to "applause in the galleries." We regret that Congress cannot better preserve its own dignity and self-respect, than to allow such manifestations. In the revolutionary days of France, the members of the Convention were regularly encouraged or censured by the mob of Paris. If such practices are allowed, speaking to the galleries for their applause, will soon begin to supersede speaking for the convincement of fellow members, and for the great body of the people. Moreover, citizens residing in and around Washington will be able to exert an influence upon legislation to which they are not fairly entitled. It will also be in the power of small cliques and factions, and it will become their interest, to pack the galleries of the Senate and House on important occasions, to overawe and influence the members. Besides, such interference of the galleries, even when those in the galleries do happen fairly to represent the great body of the people, tends to deprive the national legislature of its character as a *deliberative* body, and make it more impulsive and excitable than it otherwise would be.

As to the character of the applause in question, this should have no influence upon us to cause us to withhold our censure. It may suit us to-day—next year we may not agree with it. Whether we agree with it or not, it is manifestly improper. And we have no hesitation in saying, that if those who attend the debates of Congress cannot control the manifestation of their feelings, it would be better that the galleries for visitors should be entirely closed, and the public left to depend for their knowledge of the debates upon the daily reports in the newspapers.

THE CHINESE CANE.

Mr. D. L. Strickler, of Centreville, Iowa, writes us in relation to the Sorghum cane and sugar—and furnishes us with the following interesting facts.

He says that according to the Census returns, the number of acres planted in the State of Iowa in 1859 was 5,606¼. The number of gallons of molasses manufactured from these 5,606¼ acres of cane, was 416,774—or an average of nearly 75 gallons an acre. This at 45 cents, about the average price, would amount to $187,548 30.

He estimates the crop of 1860 at one fourth greater than that of 1859. The crop of the two years would thus give 927,741 gallons—an amount of molasses which, if purchased out of the State, would, at 60 cents, the average price of New Orleans molasses, have cost them $556,644 60. He thinks this is a very pretty amount to have saved in two years.

Mr. Strickler further thinks that when they get to understand the process of manufacturing better, and iron mills come generally into use, that every acre of cane will yield 180 gallons—an amount that has actually been obtained in the county in which he resides.

He says further that Iowa has seven millions of acres of unimproved land, which can be bought at from three to eight dollars an acre.

To convince us that sugar is actually made in their parts, our correspondent sends us a little of the genuine article, exhibited at the last Iowa State Fair. It is a bright, clean, and pretty looking article, somewhat differing in its taste from the tropical sugar, but quite well tasted. We think, however, it is not so sweet, and that it would therefore take more of it to communicate the desired flavor to our coffee. Success, however, both to Sorghum molasses and Sorghum sugar. They are hereafter to be numbered among the sweet realities of Western life.

LANDS IN ILLINOIS.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of land for sale by the Illinois Central Railroad. These lands are well worth the examination of those desirous of going West. Their vicinity to the Railroad of itself adds greatly to their value, while we suppose that for depth of soil and fertility they can hardly be surpassed. The terms of payment are made very easy.

COOKERY.

Among the numerous cook books lately issued in this country, the small and simple reprint of a work by a very noted professor of the science of gastronomy, Alexis Soyer, is one of the most valuable. Those who think that cookery receives too much consideration by being treated as a science, and that the study of it leads to luxurious and expensive living, will be edified by glancing over the pages of the work referred to. The author has aimed to combine simplicity and economy with the gratification of taste, and we are inclined to think he knows what he is about. One cannot cook nicely and economically, making the most of every good thing, without thought and study; and it does not take much experience in housekeeping to find out that the most expensive cook you can put into your kitchen is an ignorant, unthinking girl who does not know good from bad, and will fling away either indifferently.

Compared with a large majority of his competitors, M. Soyer has the great advantage of a thorough experimental as well as scientific knowledge of his subject. Miss Leslie, who led off in this line of book-making, probably never had the luxury of preparing food to suit herself; but having suffered many things at the hands of cooks in hotels and boarding-houses, took her revenge for numberless bad dinners by compiling directions for making good ones. Consequently you rely upon her receipts only so far as you have tried them; while M. Soyer, who has made cookery the study and the business of his life, commands your faith in advance.

We quote several receipts relative to "New and Cheap Drinks" from M. Soyer's book, not so much because they are remarkable for novelty or excellence, as for the idea which we think needs enforcing, that it is necessary to consult variety in drink as well as in food. We think decidedly that the spring fevers which many seem to consider as inevitable as the east wind, are as clearly the result of improper diet through the winter, as any other cause and effect; and one of peoples' mistakes, it strikes us, is the neglect to supply the fluids necessary to a healthy condition. There is no doubt that water is the best drink, neither is there any doubt with us that it is necessary to partake of a variety of others. Fluids are anti-febrile, and when the system is in a state to need such agencies, these simple drinks should come in for a share of attention. We know from experience that they are very acceptable and very beneficial. The best we have tried is decidedly that from prunes. Take ripe, sound prunes, (their quality is all important,) put them into a saucepan with plenty of water and a little brown sugar, and let them stew slowly till the fruit is swelled and soft. Children like to drink the fluid and then eat the prunes. They must not, of course, be sweetened or cooked into a preserve—that would alter their character. There is nothing better as a preventive or cure for constipation. The following are the receipts we have alluded to:—

NEW AND CHEAP DRINKS.

Put a gallon of water on to boil, cut up one pound of apples, each one into quarters, put them in the water, and boil them until they can be pulped, pass the liquor through a cullender, boil it up again with half a pound of brown sugar, scum, and bottle for use, taking care not to cork the bottle, and keep it in a warm place. The apples may be eaten with sugar.

Another Way.—Bake the apples first, then put them in a gallon pan, add the sugar, and pour boiling water over, let it get cold, pass the liquor as above, and bottle.

Apple Toast and Water.—A piece of bread nowly toasted till it gets quite black, and added to the above, makes a very nice and refreshing drink for invalids.

Apple Barley Water.—A quarter of a pound of pearl barley, instead of toast, added to the above, and boiled for one hour, is also a very nice drink.

Apple Rice Water.—Half a pound of rice, boiled in the above, until in pulp, passed through a cullender, and drank when cold.

All kinds of fruits may be done the same way.

Figs and French plums are excellent; also raisins.

A little ginger, if approved of, may be used.

For a Spring Drink.—Rhubarb, in the same quantities, and done in the same way as apples, adding more sugar, is very cooling.

Also green gooseberries.

Lemonade.—Cut three lemons into very thin slices, put them in a basin, add half a pound of sugar, either white or brown; bruise all together, add a gallon of water, and stir well. It is then ready.

For a Summer Drink.—One pound of red currants, bruised with some raspberries, half a pound of sugar added to a gallon of cold water, well stirred, allowed to settle, and bottled.

Mulberry.—The same, adding a little lemon peel.

A little cream of tartar or citric acid added to these renders them more cooling in summer and spring.

HOMINY.

A lady who signs herself "Violet"—evidently not a very "blue" one—asks us the following abstruse questions:—

Mr. Editor:—Can you or any one of your numerous readers inform me what "Hominy" is made of—where, and how? They will much oblidge VIOLET.

If "Violet" had opened Webster's Dictionary at the word "Hominy," she would have found the following definition:—

"In America, maize hulled and broken, but coarse, prepared for food by being mixed with water and boiled."

If "Violet" had been still in doubt—being ignorant possibly of the meaning of the word *maize*, by turning to that word, she would have found that maize is but another name for Indian Corn.

In this way, by a simple reference to the Dictionary, she would have avoided troubling an editor, and not exposed her ignorance upon a point which almost any negro in our streets could enlighten her upon.

☞ Machinery, like some great personages and a good many thieves, often travels around *incog.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOYER'S STANDARD COOKERY FOR THE PEOPLE: Embracing an Entirely New System of Plain Cookery and Domestic Economy, by ALEXIS SOYER, author of "The Modern Housewife," &c.

"Religion feeds the soul, Education the mind, Food the body."—*Soyer's History of Food.*

First American, from the one hundred and ninety-first English Edition. Revised, with additions, by M. GUILLAUME ST. JEAN. Published by Charles Desilver, Phila.

FLOWERS OF HOPE AND MEMORY. A collection of Poems, by CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN. Published by A. Morris, Richmond, Virginia, and for sale by Samuel Hazard, and W. S. & A. Martien, Phila.

THE ILLUSTRATED HORSE DOCTOR. Being an Accurate and Detailed Account of the Various Diseases to which the Equine Race are Subjected, &c., written in plain English. By EDWARD MAYHEW, author of "The Horse's Mouth," &c. Four Hundred Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS. Published by M. Doolady, New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

NEGROES AND NEGRO "SLAVERY." The First an Inferior Race; the Latter its Normal Condition. By J. H. VAN EVRIE, M. D. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

BIBLE VIEW OF SLAVERY. A Discourse Delivered at the Jewish Synagogue "Bnai Jeshurum," New York, by the Rev. M. J. Raphall, M. A. Published by Rudd & Carleton; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

MERRY'S MUSEUM. Published by J. M. Stearns & Co., New York.

A TRAMP FROM THE SEA; and THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

UNION PARLOR SONGS. Published by Gustavus V. Town, No. 320 Chestnut Street, Phila.

GOD SAVE OUR NATIVE LAND; and MAJOR ANDERSON. Two Patriotic Songs. By J. W. TURNER, Boston.

☞ Duval, the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by one of whose ignorance he was well aware. "I do not know," was the frank response. "Do not know!" answered the intruder, "the Emperor pays you for knowing." "The Emperor pays me for what *I know*," said Duval, "if he paid me for what I do *not* know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice."

☞ NEVER SAW HIM DRUNK.—A witness in a certain court on being interrogated as to whether the defendant in a certain case was drunk, replied:—"Well, I can't say that I have seen him drunk exactly; but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the door, making grabs in the air, saying that he'd be hanged if he didn't catch the bed the next time it ran past him."

☞ Merit is never so conspicuous as when it springs from obscurity, just as the moon never looks so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.

☞ In an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled-for goods, the letter L has, by an accident, dropped from the word lawful, and it reads now: "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the *awful* charges on the same."

☞ "You should be ashamed, husband, to snore so." "Oh, it is entirely unintentional; I never do it with my eyes open."

ENGLISH LOGIC FOR NEGROES.

The English African Aid Society has sent a curious letter to the King of Dahomey, requesting him not to encourage the slave-trade. The following are the principal passages:—"Majesty Badahung—The great English nation is very sad. It does not like your ways. They are not good. They are very bad. You might be a great King; but what you do will not make you a great King. You do very much harm for a very little money. To be a great King you should do much good, and make it give you a great deal of money. You make war, that you may take slaves and sell them. And a great many of your own people are killed. This is very bad. We are told you sold 10,000 last year; and what did you get?—50,000 dollars. How many bad things have been thus done for so little money. You are the King of a great many people. You may make much money, and your people too. Do not take them to war, where a great many die. But say to them, 'Get cotton, bring me cotton.' Say to them, '150,000 of you call me your King. I am your King. I must have one dollar's worth of cotton every year from every one of my people. My chiefs, you will look to it; the chief who has 1,000 people will make them bring to Whydah 1,000 dollars' worth of cotton. All the rest you can bring and sell for yourselves. And so you may all get rich—you may all get many dollars.' Majesty Badahung,—Do you not know what the traders buy slaves of you for? To grow cotton and sugar. You can grow it much better than in those countries where they take the slaves to. It is much better in Dahomeyland. We will buy all the cotton of you at Whydah. You shall not be cheated. It is not a wise King to have many of his people killed every year, when they would make so much money for him. Majesty Badahung.—For every 100 pounds of good, clean cotton, we will give you, at Whydah, 8 dollars. In this way you will be a great King. You will be more rich than any other King in Africa. You will get now near 200,000 dollars a-year; we would show you how this may soon be 400,000 dollars—and in a short time 1,000,000 dollars a-year. Majesty Badahung,—Then the great English people will love you. And to show you how glad they are to see you a wise, and a good, and a great King, we will send you from the great English people each year that you do this, and do not sell any slaves, nor let any slave be sold or sent off from all your coast—we will send you each year a present of love to you of — dollars in silver money, or in all sorts of beautiful and useful goods, which you like best. Yes, we will do this, and buy, too, all your cotton at a fair price, if you will be such a good and such a great King. We have said it. Let us know what you will do."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FETES OF THE SEASON—A RELIC OF PAGAN TIMES—A PLEASANT PREDICAMENT—A BENEVOLENT WISH—A WORD ABOUT WATER—A QUEER PEOPLE—AN AMERICAN MEDIUM.

PARIS, Jan. 11th, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The New Year excitement has passed away with the snow, and only a few desolate-looking booths are left of the long lines that have been disfiguring the Paris pavements, and delighting the eyes of Paris children, and these last lingerers will have been resolved into their original planks before the world is many hours older. The "Christmas-tree," with its brilliant tapers, its gay streamers, and its fruitage of gifts, is coming gradually into fashion in Paris; introduced by the English and Americans living here. But, where adopted by French families, it is seen only on New Year's day. Twelfth Night, "the fete of kings," is much in vogue here, and generally kept with the aid of a gathering of juveniles, and a cake in which, not a ring, as in England, but a bean, has been cunningly hidden. The general belief that the celebration of Twelfth-day (the old Christmas-day previous to the change in the calendar which placed that festival twelve days in advance of the epoch at which it had previously been kept) is an exclusively Roman Catholic institution, is erroneous. That church sets apart the day in memory of the adoration of the Magi, but it has another origin, inasmuch as, among the Hebrews, long before the coming of Christ, it was the custom to elect, at this season, a king of feasts, touching which usage Solomon lays down a rule to this effect:—"If you are nominated king of a feast, do not, on that account, set yourself above others; but, after having seen to all the guests, and regulated everything, place yourself at the table, and rejoice with all, and you can then receive or take the crown." In still more ancient times the same custom prevailed. At the period of the Saturnalia, coinciding nearly with that of Christmas, it was customary to present to the bridal-pair at a wedding-banquet a sort of cake sweetened and spiced, to indicate that they ought to be united as the paste, and that their marriage should possess the sweetness of honey. At these feasts, a king was elected by the casting of dice, bearing the figures of Venus, of a dog, an old man, and an inhabitant of Chios. Among the Greeks it was the duty of the king to prevent mirth from degenerating into license when the time arrived for drinking deeply. The Romans, who borrowed largely from the Greeks, adopted the usage of electing a king and queen in the midst of the repast; and their choice generally fell on those of the guests who were known to be the largest eaters and drinkers. "Wo," says Cicero, "to the man who could no longer drink, for he was pitilessly driven from the feast, or at least, as a measure of indulgence, was obliged to allow the wine he could not drink to be poured on his head." The first Christians, who kept up many Pagan customs, also elected a king for the feast of the holiday of the 6th of January. At one period of the middle ages the Epiphany was celebrated in the churches by an imitation of the adoration of the Magi; three priests, dressed in royal robes, were led by a sort of star, which appeared in the roof of the church, to a manger, where they offered adoration.

One soaking evening, just before New Year's day, the Emperor and Empress went out incognito to see the stalls along the Boulevards. Protected by a large umbrella, their Majesties passed along the southern side from the Rue de la Paix to the Rue Montmartre, and returned along the opposite side as far as the Rue Neuve des Capucines. They made numerous purchases during this long walk. The Empress filled her pockets with all sorts of toys and nicknacks, varying in price from one *sou* to ten. Their Majesties also purchased several articles of larger size, paying for them, and requesting the dealers to put them by till their return. As they did not come back, the stall-keepers remained in possession of both money and goods. Some of the dealers recognized their Imperial customers, but were discreet enough to keep their discovery to themselves. This walk greatly amused the Empress, who, on returning to the Tuileries, distributed her purchases among her ladies.

The Christmas-presents offered by the Emperor and the Imperial family of Austria to the Empress, were sent to Madeira nearly a month ago. On the morning of Christmas day, a deputation of the Neapolitan municipality presented to Victor Emmanuel, according to custom, the annual gift which the city offers to the sovereign, and which, this year, consisted of a magnificent basket, filled with fruit still more magnificent, a superb album, bound in tortoiseshell and coral, containing views of the neighborhood of Naples, executed in water-colors by the most distinguished artists.

On the 27th, the Pope received the staff of the Papal troops, at the Vatican, the officers being afterwards admitted to kiss the Pope's hand. The same day, at three o'clock, his holiness went to the Quirinal, and entertained at dinner the Queen-Dowager of Naples and Spain. The two Queens, with their children, received the Pope on their knees at the foot of the staircase, and followed him into the grand apartment, where covers were laid for 40 persons. The Pope occupied a table, according to the etiquette of the successors of the Fishermen, raised higher than the others. The Queens were near and opposite each other. The four Palatine Cardinals, the Prelates of the Pontifical Household, and the Papal Chamberlains, were present at this dinner with the Princes and Princesses, and the suites of all these grand people.

But though the concomitants of this last rigorous Christmas are now among the things of the past, the enormous rise of the Seine, consequent on the sudden melting of the great quantity of snow with which we have been visited, is a "present fact" with all the lower portions of the city, the cellars of which are flooded to a depth of from 3 to 10 feet. In the house of some pleasant friends of mine in the Avenue Montaigne, a good way from the river, the basement kitchen is filled with water nearly to the ceiling. The cook has taken possession of the lodge of the portress, and set up her pots and pans therein, not altogether to the gratification of that personage; and as my friends have a very numerous family, and the accommodations of the lodge are on rather a limited scale, she has reinforced her batteries by setting up a good sized cooking-stove outside the lodge-door, where the spectacle of stewing, broiling, and baking, performed in the open air, and with a temperature a good way below freezing, strikes visitors with a good deal of amusement. At another house, in the Place de la Concorde, the presence of water in the cellars was revealed by the butler's finding, on going down for a supply of wine, all the empty bottles floating about, nearly on a level with the top of the cellar-stairs. The water there is something over ten feet. In certain parts of the city, the water has converted the streets into rivers, quite too deep to be crossed without the aid of boats, which are plying regularly between the opposite sides of the way. For several nights, men have been stationed, with torches, at the approaches to the rivers and lakes thus improvised in the heart of Paris, to warn and direct unsuspecting passers that night otherwise stumble unwarily into several feet of water. Nearly the whole basin of the Seine is reported as under water; and the other principal rivers are being equally ill. In Spain there have been some terrible catastrophes from the same cause. At Zamora, where the bridge was carried away by the inundation, one quarter of the town has been almost destroyed, out of 100 houses, 140 being washed away. The temperature has not been so low since the famous winter of 1789, when in January both shores of the Channel were frozen to a distance of six miles from either coast; the harbor of Calais being one sheet of ice, with a number of vessels stuck fast therein. The Seine was frozen throughout its course; the Rhine was frozen at Coblentz so that loaded wagons passed over it; the Shannon and the Thames were converted into solid equally highways. On the latter river, the Londoners got up a fair, and several grand popular entertainments, at which oxen were roasted whole at enormous fires made on the ice. Though we have not yet fallen quite so low, the Seine is covered with floating ice, and the cold is sufficiently intense to make itself pungently felt in spite of furs abroad and fires at home; and though the last few days have shown us the sun once more, the rays of that luminary seem almost as devoid of warmth as they are in an American winter. All the northern shore of the Mediterranean is white with snow, as is nearly all Italy. Decidedly the climate of the South of Europe is changing. The line of the orange and olive is already moved very far to the south of its former position; and invalids who would avoid the cold of winter, are compelled to seek refuge south of the Mediterranean. Algiers sees its winter colony increasing yearly, the British element especially becoming constantly stronger. Mr. Cobden, who suffers from bronchitis, and is spending the winter at Algiers, thus wrote on the 28th of December:—"The weather is a complete contrast to what you are experiencing. On Christmas day the English residents met at church, and on coming away every one remarked, 'How warm it is!' We have green peas every day for dinner, and ripe strawberries, and beautiful roses and flowers in the gardens."

It is pitiable to see the insufficiency of the clothing worn here by the poorer classes.—The cotton *blouses* of the *ouvriers* sometimes, but not always, cover a waistcoat of warmer material; but their wretched cotton trowsers are, in the majority of cases, the only covering worn on the lower limbs. It is therefore not surprising that, with a diet of coarse bread and vegetable soup, their beloved woollen comforters, though wound two or three times round their neck, should fail to prevent their faces from assuming the whity-blue shade which is so general among the poorer French people all through the winter. The cheap, strong cloths and flannels of Great Britain cannot fail to render an important service to the health as well as the comfort of this part of the population.

For the last week, the violent winds that have been keeping back the English mails, have also been making sad havoc in the Channel, whose short, "chopping" waves are more dangerous by far than the vast billows of mid-ocean, though far less formidable in appearance. Ocean waves have more than once been measured in a gale; and it has been found that the extreme height from the top to the deepest depression of large storm-waves has been nearly fifty feet, their length being from 400 to 600 yards, and their rate of motion through the water about half a mile a minute. Such waves, breaking over an obstacle of any kind, or mingling with the low-hanging drifts of cloud raging above, constitute probably the wildest, grandest, and most terrible phenomena of nature. When they approach land, they break up into much smaller bodies of water; but these are often lifted by shoals, and obstructed by rocks, till they are thrown up in masses of many tons to a height of more than a hundred feet. The tidal wave is another phenomena of water motion of a different kind, producing an alternate rise and fall of the water over all parts of the world every twelve hours. In addition to the true waves, there are also many definite streams or currents of water, conveying large portions of the sea from one latitude to another, modifying the temperature of the adjacent land, and producing a mixture of the waters at the surface or at some depth, which cannot but be extremely conducive to the benefit of all living beings.—Storm-tides, or those waves which occasionally rush without any pause along narrow and confined seas, or up funnel-shaped inlets, have occasionally proved disastrous to a fearful extent. It is on record that upwards of 100,000 persons perished, in 1825, and again in 1843, through the action of these waves, many villages and towns being entirely washed away by a wave that advanced from the North Sea, and broke over the Lowlands of Holland. Between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the ordinary spring-tide often rises to the height of one hundred feet, and sweeps away the cattle feeding on the shore.

Wonderful is the world of water, and as yet but little known, notwithstanding the investigations of many eminent men, and the impetus given to the pursuit of knowledge in this vast field by the invention of the submarine telegraph. Our knowledge of the bed of the Atlantic, slight and limited though it be, has grown much by the soundings recently executed with so much care and skill in the hope of finding a bed in which the "delicate sprites" of the electric cable might lie easy. They have revealed, among other things, the curious fact that at least 280 miles from the coast of Ireland the water is still shallow; or, in other words, that there is another Ireland only waiting to be raised. It is just beyond this submerged elevation that the true Atlantic begins, the watery gulf suddenly sinking to 9,000 feet. Thus Ireland may one day have a coast line as high as the Alps!

The whole floor of the Atlantic, as far as we know, is paved with a soft, sticky substance, called *ooze*, nine-tenths of which consists of very minute animals, many of them mere lumps of jelly, and thousands of which could float with ease in a drop of water; some of them resembling toothed wheels, others, bundles of spines or threads shooting from a little globule. Some, however, are endowed with the property of separating flint from the sea-water—which is more than every chemist could do; and there are hundreds of square miles covered with the skeletons of these little creatures. Part of the ooze is doubtless deposited from the clouds of rain-dust which rise from the vast steppes of South America in such masses as to darken the sun, and make the animals fly to shelter, and which, after sweeping like a simoon over the country, lose themselves in the "steep Atlantic." No bones of the larger animals have been found in the sea; so that the kracken and the sea-serpent might sleep their last sleep on its floor, and not leave a vertebra to tell the tale of their existence. Not a mast or anchor, not a block or strand, not a coin or a keepsake, has been found to testify of the countless gallant ships, and more gallant men, that have gone down amidst the surgings of the pitiless waves.

The journals are full of details respecting the customs, and ways of the Chinese.—Among other particulars communicated in letters from officers and others now in China, we learn that the Celestials are excessively fond of the theatre, and consume an immense number of cups of tea during the performances, which last for many hours. Tea-shops adjoin all the theatres, and are patronized by all lovers of the Chinese drama. The feminine characters on the Chinese stage are always taken by boys, no women appearing. The Chinese are also fond of skating, and prize matches are held on the artificial lakes in the public Park of Pekin every winter, at which the Emperor is present, and awards the palm. Archery-meetings are held, the proficients in the use of the bow being the only successful aspirants to military rank. In China the magnetic needle points South; there are five cardinal points; the left is the place of honor; white is the symbol of mourning; good breeding requires every man to remain with his head covered in the presence of a superior, or of any one he wishes to honor; they read from the right hand to the left; they begin their repasts with fruit and end with soup; in schools boys are punished for silence as a sign of idleness; and nobility conferred on a man does not descend to his children, but ascends to his ancestors. The streets of Pekin are crooked and narrow; the public buildings, and *yamouns*, or princely residences, alone have any appearance of grandeur, and all the other houses are small and cramped.—The shops present little variety; there are some for skins, colored paper, fans, furniture, lucifer matches, porcelain, grotesque figures, Bonddhas, sweetmeats, twisted sugar, crystalized aniseed, and preserved fruit. All these establishments have rather shabby outsides, but very pompous signs, which greatly puzzle interpreters. Over the entrance to inns and lodging-houses may be seen such signs as "Hotel of the Four Felicities," "The Palace of Happy Dreams," "The Celestial Table." Confectioners are particularly recondite in their signs, as, "The Rivers of Milk," "The Candied Isles," "The Delights of Confucius." In the suburbs of the capital there exists a lodging-house for the poor called "Hens' Feather-house," where a night's lodging can be had for the tenth part of a *sou*. The lodgers lie down, pell mell, without distinction of age or sex, in a thick layer of feathers spread upon the floor, and a covering of thick felt, something like the *sclavonas* of the ancients, but having a great number of oval openings in a line, is let down on them by means of pulleys. At a signal given by a tantam, every head endeavors to find a hole in the cover in order to breathe through it. In the morning, the tantam again sounds, and all the occupants of the beds draw in their heads, to avoid being strangled when the *velarium* is again drawn up to the ceiling.

Those five last words lying before me on the paper, remind one of the sensation your countryman, Mr. Squier, is making here with his mysterious table-feat. He sits at a sort of kitchen table, with his feet strapped to his chair, his left hand fastened to his side, or grasped by the party he wishes to convince, and the right hand only touching the table, at whose opposite side, some one of the spectators usually, but not always, also places a hand on the table. The lights are put out of the room, a *crack!* is heard in the table, and when the lights are brought in, the table is found either lying on the side of Mr. Squier, i. e., behind him, with its legs in the air, or it is found to be perched on his head and that of the party who holds his hand. The table, it is averred, alights softly on the heads of the medium and the person holding his hand, and remains without weight as long as the darkness lasts; but the instant the light appears, it grows heavy, and the assistants are obliged to make all possible haste to get it down, or their necks would be broken. The trick, if it be one, is very ingenious; for no sign of wires or mechanism can be detected. An incredulous lady-friend of mine was invited to witness the performance a few days ago. Mr. Squier failed to make his appearance at the appointed time, but Miss C——, not to lose her walk, requested to see the table. She says it is an oval table of white wood, an ordinary kitchen table, with four legs. Having seen it stated in the papers that it was too heavy for a couple of men to lift, she tried it, to ascertain this point, and finding that she could lift it with perfect ease she took it in her arms and marched about the room with it, to the great horror of Mr. Psyrist, the editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, and a Madame Louge, (I think I have the names right), who is puffed as a tremendous medium, somnambulist, poet, artist, musician, philosopher, and so forth, by the people of the *Revue*, who make her the voucher for all their grand stories, but who appeared to the irreverent eyes of Miss C—— to be a thoroughly vulgar, uneducated, whining and wheedling impostor, very dirty, very unkempt, and looking like the ex-charwoman which she really is. These two worthies, when they saw this tremendously heavy table of theirs being carried about the room, professed great dread lest my friend should "hurt herself," and declared that she must be possessed of most amazing physical strength. She says that the table does not weigh half what it is declared to weigh; but that it is too heavy to be moved without a pretty strong effort; and that to lift it on to the head of Mr. Squier must require some tolerably powerful apparatus, and the aid of a magnet, electricity, or other agent. She is going again shortly to see what she can make out about the mystery in the total darkness in which it is accomplished, and promises me the results of her experience, for the benefit of the readers of the POST. It seems that the Guldenstubbes are not a little jealous of this new candidate for their laurels. A few evenings ago they were at Mr. Squier's room, and when the lights were brought in, and the table seen to be placed on his head, Mlle. Guldenstubbes shrieked out that she "saw four very bad spirits holding up the table," and ran out of the room declaring she "dared not stay in such evil company." As the rest of the guests paid no heed to her declarations of virtuous horror, and simply allowed her to take herself off, without making any effort to detain her, she seemed to think better of it, and presently came back again, stating that "her guardian angel had met her, and told her she might return into the presence of Mr. Squier without danger," as the bad spirits could not do her any harm while he (the guardian angel) was there to protect her!

QUANTUM.

STATE COMMISSIONERS.—Virginia, New Jersey, North Carolina, Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, New York, and Tennessee, have determined to send Commissioners to Washington, in answer to the Virginia invitation. Tennessee has decided not to send Commissioners to Montgomery. It is probable that other States will be represented at Washington on the Fourth of February, the same day that the seceded States will meet in Congress at Montgomery, Alabama.

The Pennsylvania Commissioners to the Convention to be held in Washington, on the 4th of February are:—

Hon. James Pollock, of Northumberland; Hon. David Wilmot, of Bradford; A. W. Loomis, of Allegheny; Hon. Thomas White, of Indiana; Thomas E. Franklin, of Lancaster; Wm. McKenna, of Washington; and Hon. Wm. M. Meredith, of Philadelphia. Their action has to be governed by the Legislature. They are not at liberty to meet the Delegates of Seceding States, and are to discourage any amendment of the Constitution.

The Ohio Commissioners are Governor Chase, Thomas Ewing, J. C. Wright, Wm. Groesbeck, V. B. Horton, Reuben Hitchcock, F. T. Bockhus.

Several States say that the time is too short—and that the day of meeting should be put off.

The Commissioners from Ohio, will be instructed to procure an adjournment till April 4th, if possible, so as to allow the incoming Administration an opportunity to convince the country of its conservative character.

The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed three Commissioners, but the Massachusetts Senate, on the 1st, refused to take up the resolutions appointing Commissioners, by a vote of 6 yeas to 17 nays.

FORT PICKENS.—An officer of the secession army at Pensacola, writes to a Savannah journal:—

"Fort Pickens mounts 212 guns, and requires a garrison of 2,000 men. Its present garrison consists, as far as we can ascertain with certainty, of eighty three soldiers. Some sailors have been sent to it from the steamer Wyandotte and the store ship Supply. It is supposed that they could not spare more than fifty men. If this supposition is correct, the garrison does not exceed 133 men. The commander is a very firm and brave man, as I am credibly informed. He will not surrender until he is compelled by an overwhelming force. It would be a violation of military rules to give a statement of our strength. We must humbug Slemmer, if we can. It is no secret about our strength in guns and batteries, for he can see them with his spy-glass. Slemmer has a beautiful young wife, who is very spirited. She tells him to fight to the last. She flew around us over this side in such a way that she was arrested and sent away. The United States steamer Wyandotte, of eight guns, is lying near the fort on the outside ready to assist in the defence."

LOUISIANA CONVENTION.—A resolution was offered, instructing the delegates to the Montgomery Convention to resist any attempt to re-open the African slave trade. It was tabled by a vote of 81 to 28.

MR. WALKER, of New Orleans, offered a resolution that this vote is not to be regarded as the sense of the Convention upon the question itself; but that the Convention does not think it proper to hamper the delegates with instructions upon this or other subjects. It was passed after an excited debate.

☞ If a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably soon be so too.

I DO REMEMBER.

I do remember all the glad young faces
In that old home which is my home no more,
And all the garden nooks and sunny places
Wherein our pastime hours were spent of yore:—

Our May games lengthened in the summer gloaming,
Till ghost-moths in the grass were all awake;
And for bedad us on our homeward coming
In the low fields we heard the meadow-crake:—

Our silent rambles 'mid the fading glory
Of autumn forests, robed in red and brown,
When the first frosts upon the grass were hoary,
And through the silence fell the sere leaves down:—

The forms that round our hearth were wont to gather
On stormy winter eves of sleet and snow—
Sister and brother, servant, friend, and father,
Voices and footsteps passing to and fro.

Into our Eden, Change, the mighty, enters
With flaming sword our backward way to bar;
And now our lives revolve around new centres,
And each beholds the other from afar.

Yet, I remember still the sweet old story
My childhood gathered from its Bible leaves,
(This with me in the winter grim and hoary,
And in the loneliness of summer eves;)

That He, who on the earth, a man of sorrows,
In his own heart a world's great burden bare,
Spoke of a land where are no days or morrows,
And bade us store our heart's affection there.

And oh! methinks that when our God and Father
Has drawn us one by one into His rest,
Soul unto kindred soul again will gather,
And we remember, even among the blest'd,

The love that bound us 'mid the lights and shadows
Of that earth home, so dim and yet so dear,
And how through light and shade our Father led us
Into the brightness of his presence here.

IOTA.

EDUCATION.

We have read many books on education, but none that has impressed us so favorably in many points as Mr. Herbert Spencer's.* We agree with the publishers that "no work has hitherto appeared which treats the various phases of the subject with equal discrimination and power." The author's way of writing is singularly plain and direct. He knows what he wants to say, and how to say it in the clearest and most forcible manner. The book consists of four chapters, which originally appeared in England as four review articles, the titles of which will show how comprehensively the subject is treated.

I. WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH?
II. INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.
III. MORAL EDUCATION.
IV. PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The first department is that which has been least considered, and we are sure that many of our readers will thank us for the extracts we shall make:—

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH?

It has been truly remarked, that in order of time, decoration precedes dress. Among people who submit to great physical suffering that they may have themselves handsomely tattooed, extremes of temperature are borne with but little attempt at mitigation. Humboldt tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will yet labor for a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired; and that the same woman who would not hesitate to leave her hut without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to go out unpainted. Voyagers, uniformly find that colored beads and trinkets are much more prized by wild tribes than are calicoes or broad-cloths. And the anecdotes we have of the ways in which, when shirts and coats are given, they turn them to some ludicrous display, show how completely the idea of ornament predominates over that of use. Nay, there are still more extreme illustrations; witness the fact narrated by Capt. Speke of his African attendants, who strutted about in their goat-skin mantles when the weather was fine, but when it was wet, took them off, folded them up, and went about naked, shivering in the rain! Indeed, the facts of aboriginal life seem to indicate that dress is developed out of decorations. And when we remember that even among ourselves most think more about the fineness of the fibric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience—when we see that the function is still in great measure subordinated to the appearance—we have further reason for inferring such an origin.

It is not a little curious that the like relations hold with the mind. Among mental as among bodily acquisitions, the ornamental comes before the useful. Not only in times past, but almost as much in our own era, that knowledge which conduces to personal well-being has been postponed to that which brings applause. In the Greek schools, music, poetry, rhetoric, and a philosophy which, until Socrates taught, had but little bearing upon action, were the dominant subjects; while knowledge aiding the arts of life had a very subordinate place. And in our own universities and schools at the present moment the like antithesis holds. We are guilty of something like a platitude when we say that throughout his after-career a boy, in nine cases out of ten, applies his Latin and Greek to no practical purposes. The remark is trite that in his shop, or his office, in managing his estate or his family, in playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, he is very little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little, that generally the greater part of it drops out of his memory; and if he occasionally vents a Latin quotation, or alludes to some Greek myth, it is less to throw light on the topic in hand than for the sake of effect. If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. As the Orinoco Indian puts on his paint before leaving his hut, not with a view to any direct benefit, but because he would be ashamed to be seen without; so, a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have "the education of a gentleman"—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect.

This parallel is still more clearly displayed in the case of the other sex. In the treatment of both mind and body, the decorative element has continued to predominate in a greater degree among women than among men. Originally, personal adornment occupied the attention of both sexes equally. In these latter days of civilization, however, we see that in the dress of men the regard for appearance has in a considerable degree yielded to the regard for comfort; while in their education the useful has of late been trenching off the ornamental. In neither direction has this change gone so far with women. The wearing of ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets; the elaborate dressings of the hair; the still occasional use of paint; the immense labor bestowed in making habiliments sufficiently attractive; and the great discomfort that will be submitted to for the sake of conformity; show how greatly, in the attiring of women, the desire of approbation overrides the desire for warmth and convenience. And similarly in their education, the immense preponderance of "accomplishments" proves how here, too, use is subordinated to display. Dancing, deportment, the piano, singing, drawing—what a large space do these occupy! If you ask why Italian and German are learnt, you will find that, under all the sham reasons given, the real reason is, that a knowledge of those tongues is thought ladylike. It is not that the books written in them may be utilized, which they scarcely ever are; but that Italian and German songs may be sung, and that the extent of attainment may bring whispered admiration. The births, deaths, and marriages of Kings, and other like historic trivialities, are committed to memory, not because of any direct benefits that can possibly result from knowing them; but because society considers them parts of a good education—because the absence of such knowledge may bring the contempt of others. When we have named reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, and sewing, we have named about all the things a girl is taught with a view to their direct uses in life; and even some of these have more reference to the good opinion of others than to immediate personal welfare.

* Education; Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer, Author of "Social Statics," "The Principles of Psychology," and "Essays; Scientific, Political, and Speculative." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HOW THEY TREAT CRAZY MEN IN BURMAH.

But the most ridiculous instance of superstition in Burmah, was that of a man brought into prison because he said he could fly. Why they should interfere to prevent his doing so, if he really possessed the power, no one could tell. The case was a difficult one. "Father" Moung-lah was responsible for his safe custody, and was in terror least the bird should take wing in the course of the night. The sagacious old man thought it was possible he might be able to fly out of one sort of fastening, but not out of another, so he wisely determined to take every kind of security his wits could invent. The man was first put in three pairs of irons, the jaws of the central alligator then snapped upon his ankles, holding them tight, his wrists were bound together with a long rope tied to one of the rafters of the roof of the building, his long hair was twisted into braids, and each braid fastened separately to the floor, another rope was tied round his waist, and confined it to the floor also. As he lay thus prostrate Moung-lah stood over him in contemplation, apparently deliberating in his own mind what further means he could adopt to clip the wings of his subtle captive. At last he bethought himself of the holes pierced in the man's ears, which usually are large enough to save the trouble of carrying a cigar-case, and through these holes the ingenious Moung-lah contrived to pass strings, confining his ears also to the floor. One would have thought he had read Gulliver. Still the cautious "father" had his misgivings, and before leaving the prison, very strict injunctions were delivered to the savage with the club to watch the creature, and if it attempted to fly he was to brain it as it rose. While all this was going on the sufferer ceased not to ridicule all their precautions, and to assert his own ability to elude them, as he fully intended to do in due time. The confidence of his manner raised the credulity of Mr. Rodgers. "These people know more than you think they do," said he to me. I suggested our tying ourselves to him, perhaps he might take us under his wing, and so we should escape when he took his flight. "Wait, till you see, sir." We did wait, and to the joy of our chief, next morning, the bird had not flown. The jailors soon began to doubt his powers; day by day the lashings were relaxed, and when it clearly appeared that he was an inhabitant of this earth only, and that he had no power to soar above it, no further means were taken to confine him to it. The poor lunatic was permitted to participate in the usual privileges of the prison.—*Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah. By Henry Gouger.*

☞ Never flirt with a young widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made your mind up to the worst.

INDIAN JUGGLING.

The fort of Calcutta, commonly known as Fort William, is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and somewhat resembles the Tower of London, in that it consists of various streets and squares, adapted for different military purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly-built rampart, which is surrounded in its turn by a broad and deep fosse, over which are placed drawbridges, leading to the principal gateways. Arrived in Calcutta, a raw griffin, of course I went to inspect the lions, and, among others, the fort.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these strange people have been so often described, that I shall only make mention of a few, for otherwise I might tire the reader. One of them struck me as being curious from its having a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history, as having been performed by the magicians of Egypt, in the time of Moses, and in the presence of Pharaoh. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindu tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity can exist. The particular trick alluded to, is the apparent conversion of a brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself, about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me, on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin I held firmly in my right hand, but, crossing that hand with equal tightness with my left, I enclosed them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my double fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and, repeating the words, Ram, Sammu, during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or something equally soft, nasty, and disagreeable was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, also to the astonishment of *others*, and opening my hands, found there no coin, but to my horror and alarm (for of all created things I detest and loathe the genus) I saw a young snake, all alive-oh! and of all snakes in the world, a cobra-di-capello, folded, or rather coiled, roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, trembling with rage and fear, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the alarm and amazement of every one present. The juggler now got up for the first time since he had sat down, and catching hold of the snake displayed its length, which was nearly two feet—two feet all but an inch and a half. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and opening his own mouth to its widest extent, let the head of the snake drop into it, and deliberately commenced to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible; then making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this, he came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat, but no snake or snake's tail was visible; it was seemingly down his throat altogether. During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the man profess his ability to make it reappear; but he performed another snake-trick, which surprised us very much. He took from a bag another cobra-di-capello, and, walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands in a folded state. He waved, or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, hey! presto!—the snake was gone, and in its place appeared several small ones, which he suffered to fall from his hands, when they glided, with their peculiar undulating movement, almost like the waves of the sea, about the floor.

F. SWANWICK.

NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,
No, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee!
Cold triumph! first to make
This heart thy own;
And then the mirror break
Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.
Not from thee the wound should come,
Oh, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee.

Yet no—my lips that wish recall;
From thee, from thee—
If ruin on this head must fall,
'Twill welcome be.
Here to the blade I bare
This faithful heart;
Wound deep—thou'lt find that there,
In every pulse thou art.
Yes, from thee I'll bear it all:
If ruin be
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
'Twere sweet from thee.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side—it is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well; what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips; and those who do only show that they are departing from the paths of true common-sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

HUMANE TREATMENT OF EELS.—The Hon. Grantley Berkeley says:—"At the head of the loch, (Loch Tay,) on a night line, while staying at the inn at Killin, I took a nicely fed eel, and, to the disgust of the Scotch people, I ordered the eel to be fried for dinner. The attentive waiter, in placing the fish upon the table, 'hoped the eel was done properly,' as he had never seen one dressed before; and a better or sweeter eel I never tasted—*fried with his skin on.* Here, then, I got a lesson, and I am sure that henceforth cooks and kitchen maids will bless the day on which I learned it, for if their masters and mistresses will take my advice, they will for the future save their servants the trouble of skinning the eels, (the painful but proverbial usage of being skinned alive,) and order them, after being nicely washed and prepared, to be fried with their skins on, for thus they are infinitely better. I have since heard that in training for the ring, trainers know how nutritious and light an eel so dressed is, and that when they can get them, they order them for their champion's dinner."

POWER OF A BIRD'S SONG.—When we hear the song of a soaring lark, we may be sure that the entire atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses or undulations, or waves, as they are often called, produced by the little songster's organ of voice. This organ is a vibrating instrument, resembling in principle the reed of a clarionet. Let us suppose we hear the song of a lark elevated to the height of 500 feet in the air. Before this is possible, the bird must have agitated a sphere of air 1,000 feet in diameter—that is to say, it must have communicated to 17,888 tons of air a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.

THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

There was a certain king, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months; poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end; and, one after another, the unlucky storytellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last forever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger; they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

"Oh, king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

"But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn—"

He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with:

"Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards."

To which the storyteller answered, very deliberately:

"If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first."

And then he went on again:

"And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn," till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out:

"Oh, man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything, everything! only let us hear no more of your abominable locusts!"

And so the storyteller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.—*Letters from an Officer in India.*

COLOR OF THE EYES.—That the color of the eyes should affect their strength, may seem strange; yet that such is the case need not at this time of day to be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark-colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil, the greater and longer-continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

☞ Indians may be considered the "copper-faced" type of mankind.

THE PRACTICE OF OUR LIVES.

It was a coarse, cruel sneer, unworthy of one of England's greatest artists, when he said that "a woman had rather be courted and jilted, than never to be courted at all." Another, whom the alchemy of sorrow had tested and purified, has brought out from this rough stone the lustre of a truth as universal as beautiful—

Better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

It is easy, or it would not be so common, for those who have learned by years of enforced abstemiousness, a negative content with the crusts and crumbs of affection that fall to their share, to speak contemptuously of the "mawkish fancies," the "puling sentimentality" of their earlier days. Such hearts may clap their lean hands in mirthless laughter, or point witheringly, as at children, chasing painted bubbles, when the young press and strive hotly for the prize that hangs "highest and most dazzlingly upon the horizon" of each. There are even those—sorrowfully we write it—whose agonized prayer in their own spirit-need the loving Father heard and answered bountifully, who now, accustomed to the luxury of full hearts and happy homes, forget former privations, and chide with wonderment, instead of pitying the expression of like necessities in others. There is a heartless—we would fain deem it a thoughtless—otherwise it is a base, unworthy cant on this subject, affected by people in middle life, which is either softened by the approach of second childhood, or embittered into malignity by old age. "Old people know young people to be fools." "They go through love-fits along with the measles and whooping-cough." "Young hearts are none the worse for fifty fractures." "It is only a turn of puppy-love, which he will outgrow." Such are the elegant and humane adages that epitomise the wisdom of the sect. O, woe! woe! to the mother, who, serene in a happiness, strengthened, while it is tempered by time, fails to sympathise with the crimsoned cheek, the fluttering heart, the silent tear, that betray a daughter's initiation into the lore, which was once the food of her thoughts through anxious nights and days of deep, yet troubled joy. Why not teach our children that the friendships and loves, seen rich and warm, with the early summer glow upon them, are but the foretaste of the Divine, all-pervading sentiment which God would have His immortal creatures know? Have you ever thought—you, who hold that a fit preparation for "Life's realities" (a term hateful as trite!) is a mastery of the judgment over the heart; a thorough subjugation of impetuosity to common-sense; an unroofing, and undermining, and explosion, and pulverisation to the last atom of the castles which children and youth will erect, with only air for foundation and superstructure; you who would drug into insensibility the generous impulse and ardent devotion of hearts, whose veins run red, fast, young blood, as the Creator wills they shall; have you ever thought, we ask, of the meaning of that text, "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" How shall we, in the heaven of love, practice what we are making it the study of our lives to unlearn?—*Nemesis.*

ANCIENT BEAUTY.

Among the novel thoughts which we meet in Miss Bremer's last volumes for the first time, the following is curious, and will somewhat surprise those who have exalted notions of Grecian and Roman beauty:—

"I derived the following impression from the *Galleria di Firenze.* The ideal of beauty was high among the Greeks and Romans: but their actual humanity, at least what we see of it, as represented in their historical characters, is far below the ideal, and even below the standard of beauty which is general among us at the present day. The heroes of antiquity, the wise men and emperors, are most frequently very ugly men, often extremely repulsive. The women, the Julias, Faustinas, &c., with few exceptions, in the highest degree of an ordinary character, from simple beauty to pure ugliness. Among the wise men of the Greeks, Plato is the only one who has a noble head, and a fine forehead; among the warriors, Alcibiades—but even this head is deficient in the higher, nobler character; among the rulers, Alexander the Great. Among the Roman emperors, the eye rests gladly on the handsome and mild countenance of Augustus, and that of Antoninus Pius might belong to a noble Christian ascetic; in the features of Marcus Aurelius we observe a calm beauty, but the forehead is broad rather than lofty, and the expression lacks depth and elevation. These, and two other great men among the Romans, are exceptions in the multitude of heads of emperors and military commanders, many of which are actually caricatures of humanity, although evidently excellent portraits. Such are Marius, Sylla, Claudius, Caracalla, &c. From all this, it is clear to me, that the human race, at least the Christian portion of it, has not, since this time, deteriorated, but, on the contrary, considerably increased in the beauty of harmonious structure of the human frame. The form of the head has especially undergone a change; for in the people of antiquity, the forehead and upper portion of the head was low, in particular among the Romans, with whom the head has a square build, broad rather than high. Among the modern cultivated nations, the arch of the skull is considerably higher, so likewise the forehead; the opening of the eye is also larger, and the whole countenance has a more beautiful rounding, and lovelier proportions especially among the women. And must it not be so? A higher spirituality has taken up its abode in the human race—must it not, therefore, form for itself a dwelling in harmony therewith? The ideal has descended into reality, and has elevated it to a resemblance to itself."

☞ Wisdom often comes to us too late in life to be of much service to us. There's no use of mustard after meat.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

It's Saturday night, my love, Saturday night—
Come, redd up the hearth, make the candlestick bright;
Place two coals on the fire where one glowed before,
And push home the latch of our neat cottage door;
No sigh and no sadness—how white gleams the cloth!
('Tis a year, love, since you and I plighted our troth),
Merry voices, bright eyes for the sound and the sight,
We may laugh and be merry—'tis Saturday night.

Clear the stand for the basket that rests by the wall,
Give a lift, little woman—the burden's not small;
There are tea, love, and coffee—rich gifts from the East,
And a few pungent spices to season the feast;
Here a dozen eggs shine in the dim light like pearls,
They'd be rather too large, though, for your sunny curls—
My wife is my jewel—my queen of delight!
She's a pearl in my crown on a Saturday night.

Here's a turkey! mark how through the soft mottled skin
The creamy white flesh shows the richness within;
See the fine ruddy lines shining under the breast;
'Twill be handsomer still in its brown suit and crost;
For stuffing here's marjoram, crumb roll, and thyme—
As meet for the fowl, love, as music for rhyme;
So, come, let's to work—'tis a dear, blessed sight,
Such peace and such plenty on Saturday night!

Oh, darling! I wish I could shut out the dread
That so many hearts weep over hearts that are dead—
That some poor child of want folds her thin shawl to go
On an errand of hunger, knee-deep in the snow;
That more than we dream of are weeping but now,
On a husband's cold breast, on a wife's marble brow;
That in this great city there's many a sight
That would freeze us with horror this Saturday night.

Well, well, here's a tear to the woes of the day—
We pity all sorrow—what more can we say?
We'll pray our dear Lord that His Gospel may be
As blest to the world, as to you, love, and me;
For that is the glory that gilds all our life,
Makes me a true husband, and you a true wife;
Without heaven's grace, heaven's hope, heaven's light,
Alas! for our hearth-stone—our Saturday night.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"Lost! lost! lost! No, no; it cannot be.
I will search earth and heaven, the stars themselves and the dark ocean,
But I will find her.
Up comrades, up; search we from end to end—
Disturb the very spirits in their graves,
For she is lost! lost! lost! lost!"

—*The Lost Bride.*

An hour later, and up and down the great grim castle dining-room, Lady Shirley paced impatiently.

"Half-past nine o'clock, and no one down, and no signs of breakfast! What in the world can possess the people? Ah, William, I'm glad to see somebody at last! Where have you been?"

"Strolling among the ruins. The morning is so charming you should be out, too. Come!"

"No, thank you; I had rather wait here and have my breakfast, for which the sea air and early hours give me an unusual appetite. Besides, I have no wish to play the obnoxious third!"

"What do you mean? 'Obnoxious third'—where?—to whom? I don't understand you."

"Don't you. Ha! ha! ha! And so you really expect me to believe that you have been *strolling* alone?"

"Of course! Why should you not? It is perfectly true."

"Ah, Willie, Willie, you are a sly fellow!" "Am I? That's a new character; and what on earth I have done to deserve it, I have not the remotest idea! I rather think, mother, that it is you who are sly?"

"I?"

"Yes, and perverse, too—determining to see what is not in existence."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you and Beatrice are—"

"Nothing more than friends and cousins? Indeed I do!"

"Ah, well! young people like to make mysteries, and conceal these things from their old mothers. It was not so in my day. We old-fashioned folks trusted our parents; and when you are my age, Willie, you will prize your children's confidence as dearly as I do!"

"Dear mother, if there were anything such as you suppose between Beatrice and me, I would tell you—indeed, I would!"

Lady Shirley shook her head incredulously, and her son continued,

"I wish I could convince you, for you are deceiving yourself greatly."

"I hope not; for, indeed, William, if you do not intend to marry Beatrice Lyle, your conduct is unpardonable!"

"How—why?" cried the young man, starting back in dismay. "What have I done—what do you mean?"

"That no man has a right to pay a girl such attentions as you have done, unless he means something more than amusing himself at her expense!"

"But I assure you that Beatrice is perfectly satisfied. She is quite aware—"

"Well, in that case it is all right, I suppose. Though I confess I do not like it. However, if she does, no one else can object. But I have my doubts; and I fear she is not as indifferent as you imagine."

"To me, I am sure she is. If she cares for any one it is not for me."

"For whom else could she care? Who is there here besides yourself that a properly educated girl could look at?"

"Who else? Dear mother, what a coxcomb you would make me! Who else? half a score—your charming Count, and my friend George Conyers among the number—both formidable rivals."

"The Count, I grant; but George!"—with indescribable contempt—"who is he, that a niece of mine should cast a thought away upon him? A miserable attorney's son aspire to the hand of an heiress, and a Lyle? The very idea is an offence, William!"

Mr. Shirley laughed.

"I am sorry for it, mother, for Conyers is the best fellow I know. But worship of high birth is your weak point, and I have combatted it too often to desire another battle on the subject. So I must leave it to time to open your eyes to George's charms—his merits no one can dispute."

"Well, we will not discuss them. He is out of the question, and so let him remain."

"Agreed. But the Count—"

"Ah, now *he is* a man whom a girl might admire," said Lady Shirley.

"Yes, and grieve for her folly ever after. I hope you may not have cause to do so; but I distrust him more than I can say."

"Why?"

"It is difficult to explain. Yet, I am certain that he is false, time-serving, and revengeful; and no more an Italian than I am."

"How can you be so unjust—so prejudiced? But here he comes—I will ask him."

"For pity's sake, don't. I want no more scenes—we have had quite enough already. Say nothing, but watch and draw your own conclusions. Adieu!"

And with the last words, William Shirley leaped from the low, open window, while Count Orsini entered the room hastily. His demeanor was much hurried, and his restless eyes more restless than ever as he exclaimed,

"Ah, Lady Shirley! you here and alone! Surely my lucky star befriends me!"

The lady bowed and smiled, much pleased at the compliment, and answered,

"You flatter, Count; but I assure you that the pleasure of the meeting is mutual."

"You are very good;" but—looking eagerly round—"where is Miss Shirley?"

"I don't know—I have not seen her this morning—have you?"

"Yes,"—with a deep sigh and pressure of his hand upon his eyes. "Yes; but she sent me from her half-an-hour since. She then seemed ill—agitated—and I hoped she had been with you."

"No, indeed! But what has been the matter?—has anything happened?"

"Nothing—nothing at least, that will disturb you, however fatally it may affect me."

"Affect you?—fatally? Dear, dear! you alarm me greatly. What can be the matter?"

"The destruction of my happiness for life!"

"My dear Count!"

"It is true—I have this morning risked it by the avowal of my feelings to Miss Shirley, and have been refused!"

"Impossible!"

"Refused!" she repeated again and again; "refused! I cannot understand it."

"Nor I! I had hoped—flattered myself—"

"And not without cause. Oh, she cannot mean it. It is but a girlish whim—a coquettish trial of her power."

"I fear not; her manner was anything but that of a coquette, and her words were painfully decided!"

"A saucy puss! What did she say?"

"That she did not, and never could, return my affection."

"Nonsense! She has been reading novels, and is trying to play the heroine. But girls will be girls. You must give her more time, Count."

"That is hardly possible. I must be in Italy in a month, or all hope of regaining my ancestral possessions will be lost forever. And once there, my return to England will be more than uncertain."

"Dear, dear, this is unfortunate! What can be done? I am so distressed—so vexed!"

"I believe it; for your conduct, Lady Shirley, has ever been generous and consistent; but Miss Shirley's—you must forgive me for saying so—has been most cruel!"

And with well-feigned indignation he turned to the window, while his sadly annoyed and perplexed companion murmured to herself,

"This is dreadful—horrible! We shall certainly lose him! What a simpleton that girl must be!" Then aloud: "You must pardon her, Count, for my sake. I will see her at once, and bring her to reason. She would not say all she felt to you of course; girls are so coy!"

"Coy! there was no coyness in her words or manner. I could have borne it if there had been, for I might then have hope. Now, I cannot but fear that she absolutely dislikes me!"

"Ridiculous!"

"Not to me, Lady Shirley. I, at any rate, am sincere. Perhaps it is that very sincerity that offends her. Her manner has been very strange to me of late."

"You fancy it. But it is all fancy, I assure you; for even since we have been here, she has confessed to me, over and over again, how much she respects and esteems you!"

At this unblushing falsehood, the Count passed his hand over his moustached mouth to hide the smile he could not repress, when contrasting the mother's language with that of her daughter. It was plain that one or both were deceiving him; but so long as they played into his hands, enabling him to win the game on which he had staked so much, he cared little for their duplicity. By-and-by they would be in his power, and *then* he would unmask and punish them.

Meanwhile he bowed profoundly, saying,

"Your kindness would take a load from my heart, if only I dared believe your flattering words."

"You may! I will go and find Julia, and she shall repeat them to you herself."

"Let me entreat you not to do so, Lady Shirley; she will be indignant at my presumption in calling in a third party."

"Not her own mother, I should think!"

"Indeed, I fear so. She is at present in a most unpropitious mood, and therefore it might be best to leave things as they are for a while."

"No, no! I must speak to her at once!"

"Pray do not! I would much rather not!"

"Oh, if you would *rather* not, of course there's an end of it!"

"Nay, nay, dear lady; do not misunderstand me. To claim your daughter as my wife is the dearest wish of my heart; but I cannot allow myself to be forced upon her."

"Of course not! No one would ever think of such a thing; and therefore, as I said at first, you must be patient, and wait!"

"But I cannot. Only this morning I received a letter from Nina, saying that all was ready, and I must delay no longer."

"Nina?"

"Yes, my cousin. Have I never mentioned her to you before?"

"No. Is she young?"

"Eighteen."

"And pretty?"

"As a dream!"

"In what style?"

"She is tall, dark, and slender, with a figure perfect as Canova's Venus; eyes like the gazelle's; hair such as Mahomet's houris might envy; and a voice—ah, such a voice as one never hears out of Italy!"

"She must be perfection. I suppose she is married?"

"No; although she has refused several of the first men in the south!"

"Indeed! She is fastidious!"

"She has a right to be so. Young, wealthy, of the noblest family in the Pope's dominions, and at this moment the belle of Palermo!"

Lady Shirley bit her lip. This fair cousin, this bewitching Nina, irritated her dreadfully. In her glowing southern charms she could not but see a rival for the cold English beauty, who, not half so lovely, perhaps not half so rich, would fade into absolute ugliness when compared with her; and fain would she at that moment have deposited the bright Italian safely among the coral caves of the deepest sea over which Neptune held sway; while, as if to torment her still further, Orsini muttered, *sotto voce*,

"Yes, she is perfection! I shall be glad now to see her again."

"I suppose, then, you will go to Palermo?"

"I shall land there, and proceed with Nina and her brother to Rome—that is to say, if I go alone. Of course, if Miss Shirley graciously smiles upon my suit, our plans must be decided by her."

Ah! clever, cunning Count, to conjure up so beautiful a terror, and frighten the title-hunter into a zealous, instead of passive, agent in your behalf. But for the fascinating Nina, Lady Shirley might have been more circumspect—more chary of her promises. Now, nothing could exceed their liberality.

"My dear Count!" she cried, eagerly, "depend upon me! You need be under no apprehension. I am sure Julia will be quite ready to listen to reason—to see the unkindness of her present silly coquetry, and yield to the real dictates of her own affectionate heart; in which case her father's blessing and mine will not be wanting; our only ambition being to see our dear child happy, and that, I feel, she cannot fail to be with you."

Again the rebellious corners of Orsini's mouth quivered; but he recovered himself instantly, and replied,

"A thousand thanks, dear lady, for your good opinion. It shall be the study of my life from this moment to deserve it!"

"Mother—mother!" cried William, dashing into the room at this juncture, "have you seen Beatrice? Where is she?"

"I don't know. Quite safe, I dare say. If you want her, go and look for her, but don't interrupt me just now."

"I have looked everywhere, but can't find a trace. I hope nothing has happened!"

"Happened! what can have happened? She's in her own room, no doubt. Send Julia or Adele to look, only do not tease me about it."

"But suppose—"

"What? that the ghosts have flown away with her? I really can't suppose any such nonsense. Depend upon it she's quite safe up stairs, or on the beach."

"No, I have looked there."

"Then look again. I can sympathize with your feelings, dear Willie; but rely on my assurance that Beatrice is all right; and you see I am really busy."

"Very well; if you do not care for your own niece, I can't help it," said the young man, moodily, as he left the room, while his mother turned again to the Count, who, during this little episode, had stood like one in a dream, gazing out of the window.

He started when addressed, and, with a face strangely white and stern, answered mechanically,

"I beg your pardon; did you speak?"

"I only asked if I should talk to Julia at once."

"Yes, yes, instantly—to-day; and procure her consent to our immediate marriage!"—Then, catching her ladyship's astonished glance, and becoming conscious of his indiscretion—"I do not mean that exactly. I do not desire to hurry her; but time is indescribably precious. I must return to Italy soon, or my expectations there will be irretrievably lost, and I shall be nothing but a penniless, landless exile—less than ever a fit mate for your rich and beautiful daughter."

"I understand and honor your disinterestedness. It shall be as you wish."

"You promise?"

"Decidedly; that is, as far as a mother *can* do: and I shall put it to Julia in such a manner that she cannot refuse."

The Italian's dark face gleamed, and taking her hand, he pressed it warmly, saying interrogatively,

"Promises should be sacred?"

"Of course?"

"Will this be so?"

"To be sure. Why not? What do you mean? Am I in the habit of pledging and breaking my word?"

"Oh, no, no; but I am racked with anxiety—wild with fears, and you are my only hope. Can you wonder that I seek to bind you to me by a solemn engagement?"

"Well, I have made one. Have I not given you my word?"

"Repeat it—I entreat, beseech you to repeat it! Oh, dear lady, have pity on a lover's agonies, and in mercy repeat the promise which alone saves him from despair!"

"My dear Count, what a rhapsody! Despair—agonies! Take care, or you will frighten me. Well, well, don't look so woful, and I will yield to your whim. What shall I say? That I promise to marry my daughter to you this day month, if by any means, reasonable or unreasonable, I can induce her to consent? Will that do?"

"Admirably! How shall I express my gratitude? You have made me a new man!"

"I am glad of it; and now try and look a little happier, and suffer me to ring for breakfast. I am really exhausted."

Before he could reach the bell, George Conyers, followed by William and Julia, entered hurriedly.

"Oh, Lady Shirley," cried the former, "this matter is really growing serious! Miss Lyle is not to be found!"

"Because you have not looked in the right place," said her ladyship, pettishly.

"Which is the right place? We have been everywhere."

"To her room?"

"Yes, but the door is locked, we can't get in, and I have knocked and listened, but can hear no sound. I do not believe she is there."

"She must be. You do not surely suppose that she has been spirited away?"

"If she has, woe betide those in authority in this house!" said George, looking defiantly at Orsini, who met his gaze calmly, replying—

"Miss Lyle cannot be lost. She is no feather to be blown away by the wind. She is probably in some other room, or wandering on the coast; or perhaps she wishes to remain undisturbed, and therefore will not answer your summonses at her door."

"It is none of these things," said William, confidently. "If Beatrice were safe, and in this house, she would be with us; and that she has not been out to-day, I am certain!"

"May I inquire then, Mr. Shirley, what you *do* think has become of her?"

"Heaven knows; I have not an idea. She may be ill—under restraint—a thousand things. I really know not what to fear."

"Would it not be more rational to dismiss all fears, at least for a few hours, by which time she may be here to laugh them away?"

"Yes, indeed, far more rational. It cannot be of the least use to her or any one else, distressing yourselves in this way," observed Lady Shirley, comfortably; "so come to breakfast, and let us be at peace. You look terribly hot and flushed, Julia."

"Oh, never mind me; I have been sufficiently annoyed this morning to look like a witch. But about Beatrice, mamma, I am not at all satisfied; something ought to be done."

"Done! done!—whatever can be done, except wait patiently until she comes back?"

"Yes, but we have no patience. Besides, I have a strong conviction that something is wrong. Let us go up stairs therefore, and if we cannot make her hear, break open the door."

But this proposition appeared anything but satisfactory to the Count, who interposed quickly, saying, "There can be no necessity for such violent measures; at least, not for several hours to come, by which time something may occur."

"What can occur?"

"Miss Lyle may return, or—"

"No, no," interrupted George vehemently; "that will not do at all. Heaven knows what may happen in several hours!" Miss Shirley is right; we ought to go at once, and, if need be, break open the door."

"Absurd! and be rewarded by awakening her from a pleasant sleep. Really, Mr. Conyers, your knight-errantry borders on Quixotism!" said Lady Shirley, now excessively angry.

"I regret that you should think so."

"Prove it by letting the matter drop, and allowing us all to go quietly to breakfast. Rely upon it, Beatrice will not thank any of you for making her a subject of conversation in this way."

"I am sorry for it. I should grieve to offend or give Miss Lyle just cause of displeasure, but I prefer risking that, to leaving her in danger."

"Danger! who says she is in danger? Positively, I think you are all demented this morning. A girl can't oversleep herself, or take a walk, and be too late for breakfast, without fuss enough being made to upset the peace of the whole house!"

"Sleep! If she is asleep, and in that room, it is the sleep of death!"

"I agree with you, Mr. Conyers; and, therefore, while mamma and our gallant host go to breakfast, you and I and William will try our strength upon my cousin's door."

"And do you think the Count will allow such proceedings—suffer his doors to be destroyed at the caprice of a set of wild, wrong-headed young people like you?"

"I fear the option of refusing does not lie with him, my dear madam. In cases like the present, every member of the public has a right to see justice done, and protection secured for all who need it; and in order to save Count Orsini from the unpleasant duty of consenting or demurring to the destruction of his property, I shall take upon myself to call in the police."

At this word Orsini knit his brows, and his eyes flashed redly.

"In my own house, Mr. Conyers——" he began.

"You wish to enjoy an immunity from all disagreeable truths, intrusions, and subjects, at which no one can wonder. Therefore, if you will give me the necessary authority to act on your behalf, I will retire immediately, and leave you in peace!"

"Authority? What for?"

"To search the whole of this building thoroughly, whether habitable or uninhabitable, breaking through when necessary, all opposing barriers, be they doors, walls, or chambers: power to call upon your servants within and without the castle to aid and guide me; and, in short, giving me every possible facility and opportunity to recover Miss Lyle."

"Your demands are moderate. Suppose I refuse them—decline to have my house knocked to pieces to gratify a whim?"

"In that case, the castle and its inhabitants—guests, servants, and host—would in one hour be in charge of the police."

"There are none here!"

"Never mind. There is a revenue station three miles up the coast. I know the officer in command well. He and his men would gladly aid the cause of justice; more especially as there have already been awkward rumors afloat, which a thorough search here might dissipate."

For an instant there was silence; Orsini was evidently weighing something in his mind. Then he said, "Well, if it must be so, it must. You are rash and positive; but to save you from a proceeding which you would afterwards regret, and *I could never pardon*, I yield to your request. You are at liberty to search the house from basement to turret; to call upon every one in my service to assist; and to force your way through every impediment that may interfere; only remembering that whatever damage is done, you or your friends make good. I am a poor man; and although to protect myself from still greater insult, I consent to have my property knocked about, I cannot afford to repair it."

"Oh, I will do that!" cried William. "I will guarantee all expenses incurred in the search. And now, having obtained your permission, let us go at once."

Without further delay, Mr. Shirley led the way up stairs, followed by the whole party.

The east wing, especially the corridor in which Beatrice's room was situated, was wrapped in profound silence—silence and dimness so deep, that going as they did from the glowing sunlight, each felt as if he were entering a tomb.

At last they reached the door.

It was moveless as before, and with the silver-mounted handle of his riding-whip George struck heavily upon it.

But all was silent. Nothing but the echoes of the old house, as the blows vibrated among them, answered.

They knocked again; first George, then William—then both together. They listened intently, until the effort became agony; but when the echo died away, all was silent and still as the grave.

This they repeated over and over again; and at last George said, in a voice low and tremulous with a fear, the like of which he had never felt before, "Let us knock and call once more, and if she does not answer then, we will break open the door at once."

CHAPTER XII.

Precisest. "Nay, listen unto me;
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault—
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent.
* * * * * *
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee:
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware—beware of that."

"THE SPANISH STUDENT."—*Longfellow.*

In a small octagon room, furnished with all the luxuriant beauty of the East—its walls draped with the richest sea-green satin, starred with silver—its floor covered with velvet carpeting of so soft a texture that the foot sank into it, as into summer moss—lay a young girl, to all appearance senseless, stretched upon a pile of pale green cushions, against which her colorless face looked even more ghastly than under other circumstances it would have done.

Round her head and shoulders fell unconfined, a cloud of wonderfully beautiful hair, thick, black, and glossy as spun silk, and of extraordinary length, contrasting painfully with the deathly hue of the owner's complexion, which, owing to the falling off of the scarf which had concealed them, was displayed fully in the neck, throat, and arms, upon one of which was impressed a strange-looking wound of about an inch in size.

For a long and weary time the girl remained perfectly still, heedless of the splendor by which she was surrounded; the graceful statuettes, scarcely more charming than herself; the gorgeous silver ornaments, which, wrought into a thousand fanciful devices, sent forth from their polished surfaces innumerable rays of light, as the beams of the oriental lamp swinging from the domed roof above, fell upon them, or the subtle Eastern perfume, which pervaded the whole atmosphere.

Standing beside the divan on which this senseless figure lay, was a young man in the earliest prime of life, whose appearance was singularly at variance with the scene.

His costume was of the rudest, being composed of rough fisherman's cloth, a pair of heavy country boots, and linen of the coarsest quality; yet, notwithstanding these disfigurements, his mien and attitude were noble and attractive, so that even the most unpractised eye could have read at a glance, that the present was not his usual, or befitting garb.

At this moment his fixed gaze was bent upon the girl before him, drinking in as it were the beauty of every line and feature of her countenance, and betraying, in its earnest concentration, the passionate longing of the young man's soul to see life and animation once more revisit them; for although he knew well that to chafe those icy hands, and sprinkle that snowy brow, would in all probability restore consciousness, he shrank from touching them as a devotee would shrink from polluting the holy image of a saint; and so he walked in reverent patience, until at last a heavy quivering sigh heaved from the maiden's lips.

Glowing with joy, the beholder clasped his hands tightly, as if to repress the cry of thankfulness which rose from his heart, as after a while the girl opened her eyes full upon him; then bending forward, he said, in low, tremulous tones,

"Pardon me that I brought you here."

Aroused by his voice, to a half sense of her position, Beatrice (for my readers will not have failed to recognize her and Andrea,) looked anxiously round, glanced at the rare pictures, the graceful statuary, saw that all were strange and unfamiliar, then turned her dreamy, wandering eyes on her companion, who, alarmed and distressed, asked, sadly,

"Are you still suffering—are you no better?"

"Yes—yes; but"—passing her hand over her brow—"I don't know where I am. Is it a dream?"

"Alas! no; would that it were!" Then, as she made no reply, but sank again listlessly on the pillows, he continued earnestly, "Oh, Miss Lyle, how shall I ever prove to you the grief and shame with which the occurrences of this night have filled my heart? Freely, gladly would I pour forth my life's blood at your feet, so I could hope that its tide would wash from your memory for ever the hateful remembrance."

"Why?—what? I don't understand!" And again the white lids fell slowly over her drowsy eyes, while Andreas, puzzled by this half-conscious mood, fell back a few paces, and strove to be patient.

And at length he was rewarded.

By-and-by, little by little, recollection came back; and as it did so, and vivid pictures of the last few hours' events rose before her, the bright color flushed up over cheek and brow, and Beatrice sprang erect, crying,

"I remember all now! But what brings me here? I do not know this place. Where am I, and who are you?"

"Your slave. One who lives but in your life!"

"Ah!"—and she retreated a step—"then you brought me here?"

He bowed submissively.

"How?"

"You fainted, and I carried you hither in my arms."

At this explanation the listener blushed a yet deeper crimson, and drew the veil of her shrouding hair still closer over her throat and neck, saying as her eyes fell,

"Thank you—I have given you too much trouble!"

"Trouble? Bliss! For such another moment's *trouble* I would die joyfully!"

The enthusiasm of his tones, and the admiration in his gaze, distressed Beatrice exceedingly, and she replied,

"I am well now, and should like to return."

"Not yet; oh, not yet!"

"I must. I have tarried here too long already. Suffer me to go at once."

"Impossible!"

"Why? Am I a prisoner?"

And a flush of indignant anger overspread her face.

"No; but—"

He paused.

"What? Why do you hesitate?"

"Because—"

"Well? Why do not you speak? What can you have to say that should cause you shame to utter?"

"Nothing."

"Why, then, are you silent? But it matters not; only let me go!"

"I cannot."

"And yet you say I am not a prisoner."

"Nor are you. Oh, Beatrice!" cried the young man, vehemently, as she turned contemptuously away; "be merciful—be generous! Look not on me with such scornful eyes, nor doubt the truth of words which, false as they may have been to others, are true—true as Heaven to you!"

"Prove it. Redeem the pledge of safety I purchased with this hateful brand"—and she stretched out her arm—"then ask me to believe and trust you!"

"And you will? Not else?"

"Not else."

"Cruel!" he muttered; "but I deserve it!" Then aloud; "I accept the condition! Every instant I expect to receive the key of the sliding panel for which I have sent. When that comes, I will take you back immediately. Do you believe me?"

"Entirely."

"Ah!"—and a bright flash shot from his eyes—"then I am happy!"

Beatrice ventured upon no reply, but reseated herself on the divan, endeavoring to wait patiently for the key.

For a short space there was silence; then Andreas, pouring from a flask of wine into a crystal goblet, and emptying cakes upon a silver shell, handed them to his guest, saying,

"Dare I offer you refreshment?"

She hesitated a second, looked full into his clear unblenching eyes, then raised the glass to her lips, watching him closely the while.

Andreas saw the gaze, read the motive which impelled it, and said, in accents of deep feeling,

"Twice in twenty-four hours has the power to save your life been graciously accorded to me. I take no credit to myself for using it. The veriest clown and dullard would have done the same. But I only ask whether, if I

had sought to kill or injure you, it is likely that I should have interfered to preserve you then? Oh, lady! I am an evil man; but never did I feel my soul's degradation so strongly as at this moment, when you, for whom I would peril that soul, cannot and dare not trust me!"

The mournful tone in which these words were uttered penetrated Beatrice's inmost heart; and yielding to its generous impulse, she drained the proffered draught to the last drop, and, smiling, gave back the goblet to her host, saying,

"I do trust you."

Once more the bright glow mantled Andrea's countenance, as kissing the crystal rapturously, he exclaimed,

"May the blessed Virgin reward you! You have restored me to myself—to those pure, innocent days in the old time when I was happy."

"You talk of old times as my uncle might, and yet you are very young."

"In years, yes; but old, fearfully old, in sorrow and sin. You shrink from me—you despise me. Alas! I deserve it! Yet mine was not deliberate crime. *I trusted, and was betrayed!* It is an error to say that women only are deceived. *I* was; and, like many another, awoke only to my better senses when it was too late to use them."

"It is never too late."

"You know not the circumstances, nor all that chained me to the path of ruin. Once fallen, I could never be what I had been, nor walk again among my fellow men as free, as true, as honest as they. *I had fallen*, and was powerless to rise. The saints forbid that you should ever know how easy is the downward road—how hard the upward; how ready, Fate, by her human agents, is to hurl her victim down—how unready to raise him up! It was so with me; it is so, more or less, with all. And therefore I ceased to struggle, but let the stream carry me whither it would. Nor, until the past few days, have I been altogether wretched; but now—ah! now I know and feel how low it has doomed me, and how base a thing I am! Now—But I will weary you no longer. My lot is irreparable, nor would you aid me to amend it, even if you could."

"Nay, you wrong me—indeed you do! I would do anything I could for you, although as yet I know not even your name."

"For the last five years men have called me Andrea, but the name by which my mother blessed me, is Ettore—Ettore Gonsalvo."

"It is a gallant name, and, heaven helping you, you will yet, I trust, redeem the right to bear it. Meanwhile, you must not doubt that gratitude for your great services, and pity for your fate, would urge me to aid you to the utmost of my power, if only you will tell me how I can serve you."

"Ah!" he cried impetuously, throwing himself upon his knees, "suffer me to love you—to wait on you as the humblest of your slaves; to be near you—hear you speak—see you smile—sometimes touch your hand! Let me do this; and then, then I shall be happy!—then the past would be erased!—I should be so good, so virtuous, so true, that heaven would forgive, and once more receive me into favor."

"My poor Ettore!" said the young girl compassionately, for she was deeply touched.

"You pity me—you will grant my prayer—for more than heaven itself, I worship you!"

"Impossible!—this is madness! You have not seen me three times."

"What matters that? Love is independent of time. Have you forgotten that in my veins flows the lava stream of the South—that the passion which takes years to awaken in your cold clime, springs up in mine, sudden, intense, and perfect, in an hour?"

"And dies as quickly."

"Never. Love is the only relict of divinity now left to man on earth, and therefore is eternal."

"May you feel it, then, for some worthy object."

"I do, for you—the worthiest, brightest, best—"

"Cease, Ettore, cease! I cannot listen to this rhapsody; it degrades your common sense."

"It does not—it cannot—for it is true! Oh, lady, listen to me; teach me how to move you—to win the love for which I pine in agony! See, I am rich—rich even for your country. I have wealth equal to, if not beyond, that of the proudest noble of the land; jewels that a queen might envy; yet I would that the store were a million times as great, that I might lay it at your feet, then cast it from me, and say, 'Behold, I love you so well, that I give all this for you!'"

"It would be useless," replied Beatrice gently. "Riches such as yours have no charm for me."

"I know it. Idiot that I was to fancy otherwise. And yet, what else have I to offer?"

"Nothing. The empire of the whole world would be as valueless to me as gold. I do not covet wealth or grandeur."

"Nor the possession of a true heart. Oh, why is your nature so merciless! To you I have been all truth and honor; why, then, do you spurn me? Towards you I have had none but sentiments of the deepest adoration and respect, and yet it is you who repulse, drive me from you with contempt!"

"No, no; you are mistaken. I pity you—I am grateful to you—but—"

"You will not love me! What, then, to me is all the rest? Love—love is the only thing I crave for; the only feeling which can answer back to love, and this I will have."

Wildly, terribly flashed his eyes, and Beatrice drew back in fear, saying deprecatingly, "I am very, very sorry for you, but—"

"What! Why do you falter? Speak! save me from madness! Say that you will love me; that you will be mine!"

"Impossible! I cannot!"

"You must! *Look, Miss Lyle!*" and he sprang up fiercely. "Remember that you are in my power, and that—"

"Ah, you threaten!" cried the girl unguardedly, roused to passionate anger by his language and attitude. "It is well. Now, at last, I know the terms on which we stand! Now I set you at defiance—now I tell you—Nay, not a step further—I tell you that I *do* hate and despise you, *and that I love another!*"

At these terrible words the Italian uttered a cry of despair, while Beatrice, strong in her sudden energy, and the proud defiance of a first love so recklessly confessed, continued vehemently, "And now let me go. Surely now you will not seek to keep me; or if you do, it matters not—it cannot be for long. He is searching for me, and will soon be here; and then—then I shall be safe!"

"Oh, heaven! just heaven! spare me!" ejaculated Ettore, wildly. "This is horrible—horrible! Would I had died yesterday!" And he sank upon the couch from which she had just risen, and hid his face in the soft cushions; while, by the tremulous motion of his shoulders, Beatrice could see how deeply he was agitated.

For a moment, while the excitement of her indignation lasted, the girl looked on pitilessly; then, as the memory of his great services returned, her heart softened, and at last she said, almost kindly, "I am sorry to have pained you. I did not mean all I said, but you frightened me."

He looked eagerly, questioningly up; and fearful of raising a false hope, she added quickly, "Not that I retract my decision—for, indeed, I cannot. My heart is not my own to bestow: and surely you, with your strong feelings, would not accept one that was not wholly yours."

"I know not! Heaven pity me, I know not! A week since I should have said it was impossible; but now, oh, lady! it is a fearful thing to love without hope, and in time you might—"

"Never, never! Do not imagine it! I could never be more or other to you than I am! I would more easily die than change."

"And I also."

And once more he buried his face in the pillows, that she might not see the spasm of anguish he could not control.

For a while there was silence.

The girl stood, as if for support, with her arm resting on a marble statue of Ariadne; her bright head laid against its cold breast, and her eyes sadly fixed upon the floor.

Her companion remained motionless, but at length he aroused himself by a violent effort, and said, looking mournfully on her, "I have made you unhappy by my selfishness. Forgive me!"

"Gladly! I have less to pardon than you have. I trust, however, that you may speedily recover from the pain I have most unwillingly caused, and forget me entirely."

"Do not wish it. Oblivion is not happiness. I would always rather remember, than forget; and although the last few hours have brought me keener sorrow than I have ever known before, I would not exchange their memory for that of the sunniest hours of my life."

"It is ever so I think," replied Beatrice, thoughtfully.

"Surely you have not experienced it—you have not suffered?"

"I suppose every one has."

"Yes, but not thus."

"One cannot be sure. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness;' and young as I am, I have not escaped my share 'of the universal doom.'"

"Alas! we cannot measure suffering by years. A life's woe may come to us in an hour—ay, in a moment. May heaven's grace shield you from learning this practically."

"Amen! But now, Ettore, let us leave this subject, painful, most painful to both; and if I must wait still longer for your messenger's return with the key of the panel, let our conversation be on other themes. Tell me of your earlier life, ere you joined that terrible band I saw last night,—of your mother—of that beautiful Italy which I long to see—of all that it can give you pleasure to relate."

And once more she placed herself upon the divan, while he, drawing an ottoman beside her, seated himself where he could watch every varying expression of her mobile countenance, feel constantly the warm breath from her bright lips, or even touch by stealth the long, silky braids of her raven hair.

It was a dangerous position, and he knew it,—felt in every quivering pulse that he was but adding fuel unto flame—that every graceful movement, every generous word, every noble thought, frankly spoken, did but increase the passion which maddened him; and yet so wilful and headstrong was he, that he sought by every means to prolong the interview which was to cause such lasting pain.

So minute after minute passed on, and still they sat together, until at last the first tremulous light of morning stole in, golden and amber-hued, through the richly painted windows, which, half hidden in the domed ceiling, now lent their aid to extinguish the pale lustre of the cresset lamp, and flood the room with added splendor.

Night had fled—morning was come, and with it the hour of parting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ In a recent case for assault the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones there were in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

☞ A glass of water taken from the spring of the year is said to be delicious.

☞ To make a candle burn all night, in case of sickness, or when a dull light is wished, or when matches happen to be mislaid, put finely powdered salt on a candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the entire night, by a small piece of candle, besides having a light so blue and sepulchral that if there happens to be a sick person in the room, he or she will be likely to die from horror before morning, and a healthy person, happening to wake, will be very certain to go into hysterics.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Mr. Cochrane (Dem.) has reported a bill in the House from the Select Committee of Five, to obviate the necessity of blockading ports of seceding States. It is to be done by doubling the penalties of the Act of 1799, and by confiscating the ship and cargo of the master of any vessel who goes out of such ports without a clearance and manifest obtained under the Federal laws. It does not have the appearance of coercion, and yet proclaims to the commerce of the world that penalties will be incurred for taking cargoes into such ports.

The bill for the admission of Kansas has received the signature of the President, and she is now a state of the Union. Her member of Congress (Conway) is already in his seat.

The Pacific Railroad Bill (three routes) has passed the Senate—yeas 37, nays 14. The Senate's amendments have to be considered in the House.

Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, from the Select Committee, reported the Tariff Bill, with amendments. The bill was made the special order for Wednesday.

INDICTMENT OF EX-SECRETARY FLOYD FOR CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD.—The Grand Jury of Washington have found true bills against Goddard Bailey, Wm. H. Russell and John B. Floyd, as follows:

Three cases against Bailey for larceny, in abstracting the bonds entrusted to his custody, and one joint indictment against Bailey and Russell for abstracting the missing bonds. Three indictments against Russell for receiving the stolen bonds, and one joint indictment against Bailey, Russell and John B. Floyd for conspiracy together to defraud the United States Government.

The "Constitution" newspaper has been discontinued, to be re-opened, the editor says, "under better and more favorable auspices, and in the more genial atmosphere of the Southern Republic." The paper is to be established at Monigomery, Ala.

Gen. Scott, in his examination before the House Committee, relative to the Federal Capital, said there was abundant evidence in his mind to justify him in making military preparations, though it was not of the strongest character.

The rumor of a disagreement between the President and Gen. Scott, as having occurred from a refusal of the latter to agree to an increase of force here, turns out to be wholly unfounded.

The despatches from Major Anderson say that he has been offered fresh provisions as a gift, but denied the right to purchase them in the Charleston market. Of course he would not receive them as a gift. His letters are now delivered daily and promptly. Major Anderson gives a flat contradiction to the reports of mutiny or discontent in his garrison, and also to the statement that a boat from Fort Sumpter had been fired upon.

In answer to communications from the English and other foreign ministers, the Secretary of State has declined to admit that the secession authorities in possession of commercial ports, have power to grant clearances or receive payment for duties. In a letter to Lord Lyons, he has defined the position of the government, and declares that the revenue laws will be regarded as in full operation.

The foreign ministers also complain that the South Carolina authorities have removed the buoys, withdrawn the light-ship, &c., and request that the U. S. government cause the lights and beacons to be replaced, or some means adopted to warn vessels of their danger. A letter from ex-Judge Magrath, dated from the executive department of South Carolina, saying, that the activity of the pilots will prevent any serious injury or inconvenience to commerce has been communicated to them.

NAVAL AND ARMY OFFICERS.—Not one-third of the naval and military officers from seceding States have resigned their commissions. Very few Georgians, comparatively, have gone out. Gentlemen on squadrons removed from the immediate scene of the national crisis, do not appear to be much affected by the resignations of their fellows. One expauletted official, writing from the Pacific says:—"We have countrymen serving in the armies of France and Italy, with whose people they have few feelings in common. Suppose the United States is a foreign Power, have we not a right to earn honest money from it, not to speak of the memories that urge us to do so?"

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Two companies of artillery arrived to-day from Fort Hamilton. There are now five companies of that arm of the service, which together with the infantry and marines, make about 600 Federal troops in Washington and its vicinity.

Orders have just been issued for the enrolment of all citizens subject to militia duty, in the District of Columbia.

The President's reply to Col. Hayne, the Commissioner from South Carolina, will be emphatic in retaining Fort Sumpter in the possession of the United States. Strong efforts have been made to induce him to yield, but he refuses to alter the position he assumed when the first demands were made for the surrender of the fort. The result will soon be known, and the impression appears universal that an attack will shortly be made.

The Corwin propositions will probably be voted upon early next week.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The Treasury Department has returned to Gov. Pickens a draft payable in New York, for the salary due him as Minister to Russia, the draft on the sub-Treasurer at Charleston not having been paid, because there were no funds there.

Over a half-dozen applications for Patents have been received lately from inventors residing in States which have seceded.

Troops are pouring in rapidly for the defence of this city. Two companies arrived to-day.

The officers of the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have stationed guards at numerous bridges, to prevent their threatened destruction by the seceders, when Mr. Lincoln passes over this railroad on the way to be inaugurated on the fourth of next month.

A salute of thirty-four guns was fired here to-day in honor of the admission of Kansas into the Union.

☞ A distinguished statesman of Central America, being asked how his country was getting on, replied—"Oh, very well, very well, a mild anarchy."

☞ "Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbade him drawing horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail, "mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs exer the carpet, but here we can't get any fun at all."

☞ A sermon in four words on the vanity of all earthly possessions. Shrouds—have—no—pockets.

☞ In some tranquil and apparently amiable natures there are often unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment.

☞ "Will you marry me, miss?" "No, indeed, you are too funny for my taste; I can take a jest, but not a jester."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia arrived at New York on the 1st, with foreign news to the 20th ult. She brings over $1,000,000 in specie.

The death of Lord Elphinstone is announced.

Several serious riots prevailed in London, on the 16th inst. The mobs broke open several baker shops, and took their contents. The police were unable to disperse the mobs.

Gen. Klapka is reported to be in the Principalities, gathering his forces for the rising in Hungary.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—Evening.—The whole French squadron has left Gaëta.

It is said that 30,000 Bourbon troops have entered the Neapolitan provinces through the disaffected territory, and that they met and defeated a portion of the Italian forces, compelling them to retire. Reinforcements had been sent to the latter troops.

A new Council of Lieutenants has been formed at Naples, after a consultation between Prince Carignan and Poerio.

It is reported that Garibaldi has announced his intention to shortly go to Constantinople.

The tendency to war in the Spring is reported slackening in Italy.

It is rumored that the British army and navy is to be considerably reduced. The weather in England has become milder.

The trials, in Beyrout, of parties charged with the massacre of Christians in Syria, have been concluded. The Druses have been sentenced to death, while the Turkish prisoners are exiled.

It was believed that the fire on Gaeta would be resumed on the 21st, and the attack by sea be commenced without delay.

FRANCE.—The Paris *Moniteur* has made an explanation of the reasons why the French fleet has been stationed at Gaeta.

The French war preparations are very active. It is said that a levy of 150,000 men will be asked for from the Legislature. Seventeen additional regimentas are projected.

The drain of gold from the Bank of France is continued. Arrangements have been made with the Imperial Bank of Petersburg, similar to that with England, for an exchange of thirty millions of francs in silver for gold.

The Paris Bourse was dull and drooping. Rentes 67f. 20c.

DENMARK.—Warlike preparations are active in Denmark. An address to the King is being signed, calling on him to resist external pressure, and not to abandon the Danish nationality.

Schleswig and Russia protest against the German menace against Denmark.

PRUSSIA.—It is stated that a treaty is being negotiated between Prussia and Austria, guaranteeing the possession of Venice to Austria.

The King of Prussia's address, on the 16th of January, to the generals, says that he has been called to the throne at an epoch of danger, and with the prospect of combats in which we shall, perhaps, need all your devotedness. If we do not succeed in turning aside the storm which is rising, we shall have need of all our forces to defend ourselves.

This speech caused a sensation in Paris, where it is reported that the King is aware that Denmark is only his nominal enemy, and that the real question is whether France shall have the Rhine.

THE MARKETS.—Breadstuffs are quiet, but steady. Provisions are dull. Cotton active, and slightly advanced.

☞ RIDDLE FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.—When is a young lady like a poacher? When she has her hair in a net.

WHEN the weary week of winter
Wasteth away its snow,
And the Sunday air is laden with prayer,
And the bells in the spires strike low,—
They love to leave the city,
In memorials and lily,
To worship the world of meadow,
Over the Sunday hills.

☞ If a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man, indeed!

☞ Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps on the burning marl.

☞ An old farmer in Ohio was anxious to have his pastor dismissed, and was asked the reason. "I've heard say," was the reply, "that a change of pasturs makes fat calves, and I'm in for a change."

☞ Good order is bread, disorder is starvation.

☞ Do not be guilty of the too common trick of parading your happiness, and trying to increase it by contrast with the wants of others. Remember, prudent happiness dreads and shuns envy; perfect happiness does not want it; generous and noble happiness would be violated by it.

☞ Pleasure is the greatest foe that happiness has.

☞ Wealth makes a man proud when he has little else to be proud about.

☞ THE STRAIGHTEST KIND OF A HINT.—Lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

☞ Friends should be very delicate and careful in administering pity as medicine, when enemies use the same article as poison.

☞ The ancient Celts, it is said, believed that the employment of new-born infants, removed to Heaven, became thenceforth the scattering of flowers upon the earth.

☞ We can carry nothing with us to the next world, save the good we have done in this stage of existence.

☞ Some doctor advertises to this effect: "Consumptives, cough while you can; for after you have taken one bottle you can't." We rather think we won't take any of that doctor's stuff until we find out what he means by the above rather equivocal extract from his advertisement.

☞ The road to ruin—the house where a rouleau table is located.

☞ We wonder if our ladies are aware how injurious is the practice, so general, of crossing their hands and arms over their waists as they walk? Do they know that it contracts the chest, and prevents that free circulation which is so desirable to the blood? Do they know that their fingers, in winter, would not become numb, if allowed to hang by the side, or if the arm swung gently in walking, as does a man's?

☞ A Mahomedan proverb says—"The ink of the learned, like the blood of the martyrs, is sacred in the eyes of Heaven.

☞ Three young men were recently tried in Lampriere, for shooting at and fatally wounding a dog, and the jury gave the following written verdict: "All three guilty, plaintiff's damages assessed at sixpence; and each of the defendants to have another shot at the dog!"

☞ To do to others as we would have them do to us is simple justice, though we fancy it vast benevolence. Hence Confucius's grand maxim:—"Humanity is the equity of the heart."

☞ To give moral subjects their true relief, you require, as in the stereoscope, to look through two glasses—that of the intellect and that of the heart.

☞ Those persons who do most good are least conscious of it. The man who has but a single virtue of charity, is very much like the hen that has but one chicken. That solitary chicken calls forth an amount of clucking and scratching that a whole brood seldom causes.

☞ Religion is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

☞ A young lady out West is charged with putting on airs because she refused to go to a ball barefoot.

☞ The last and most unwelcome planet children see while in their mother's arms—Weanus.

☞ Somebody gives the following receipt for making bonnets of the winter style:—"Take a bundle of rye straw, four pounds of ribbons, some black paint and a feather, and soak them well; then stir them up with a quill, and run this through a kettle of Spalding's Prepared Glue, and you will have one of the latest style of winter hats.

☞ What is called ill-nature and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and unreasonableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own money or trouble.

☞ In this age of speed, when we travel thirty miles an hour, are we less impatient to be at the end of our journey than when we travelled ten? In this age of cheapness are we more satisfied with our bargains, or more benevolent with our surplus, than formerly?

☞ Wanted—an astrologer who has cast his own horoscope, and believes in it.

☞ Do thou but thy best, and then thou mayest defy the devil to do his worst.

☞ There are times when all like to set a screen between themselves and the penetrating eyes of others.

☞ The mind of a man of genius is a focus which concentrates into one burning beam the languid lights and fires of ten thousand surrounding minds.

☞ Wife,(complainingly)—"I haven't more than a third of the bed." Husband, (triumphantly)—"That's all the law allows you."

☞ Good men are the stars and planets of the ages wherein they live, and so illustrate the times.

☞ No matter how religious a man may be, if he is naturally weak, the narrowness of his intellect is pretty sure to show itself in some point of conduct, as sure as original ill-breeding, no matter what a person's acquirements, is certain to peep out somewhere.

☞ A miserly old fellow has hit upon an experiment to save candles. He uses "the light of other days."

☞ Some queer fellow who has tried 'em says: "There are two sorts of wine in Stuttgard; to drink one is like swallowing an angry cat; the other like pulling the animal back again by the tail."

☞ A girl thinks of her lover as her vital spark.

CAPTURED FORTS.—The following Federal forts, situated on the Southern seaboard, have been seized by order of the Governors of the States in which they are respectively located:

Fortifications—Location.	Guns.	Cost.
Fort Pulaski, Savannah,	150	$823,850
Fort Jackson, "	14	135,000
Fort Morgan, Mobile,	139	1,312,556
Fort Gaines, "	80	30,000
Fort Macon, Beaufort, N. C.,	51	460,000
Fort Caswell, Oak Island, N. C.,	87	571,231
Fort Moultrie, Charleston,	54	75,301
Castle Pinckney, Charleston,	25	45,809
Fort St. Philip, Louisiana,	124	209,734
Fort Jackson, Louisiana,	150	817,608
Fort Pike, "	40	472,901
Fort Barancas, "	49	477,000
Fort Livingston, "	52	842,000
Fort McRee, Florida,	151	384,000
Fort Barrancas, Florida,	49	315,000
Redoubt, Florida,	26	100,000
Total,	1,362	$6,513,089

The following are still in the hands of the United States authorities:—Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.; Fort Washington, on the Potomac, Md.; Fort Monroe, at Old Point Comfort, Va.; Fort Sumpter, Charleston Harbor, S. C.; Key West Barracks, Key West, Fla.; Fort Pickens, Pensacola, Fla.; Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla.

We think there is an error in the above as to the two North Carolina forts, which the Governor of that State ordered to be redelivered to the General Government.

THE SLAVE ANDERSON.—The London papers of the 16th say:—The slave Anderson, whom the Canadian judges decided must be given up to the American government, is to be tried, not by the ordinary criminal court, but by the Court of Queen's Bench his fate will be decided. This was the result of an application made yesterday to that Court by Mr. Edwin James. This was done on the affidavit of the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. The Court, after a consultation, granted the writ. Chief Justice Cockburn admitted that in doing so it might be regarded as not proper, and still the Court of Queen's Bench had jurisdiction, Anderson being regarded as a British subject.

A further report says:—Anderson was a slave in the States, and in endeavoring to escape he was intercepted by a slaveholder, whom he murdered. He got into Canada, and Missouri demanded that he be given up under the extradition treaty. The case came before the Court at Toronto, and it was held by the majority of the judges, that the offence came under the operation of the extradition law.

CANADA.—There is much feeling excited at the action of the English Government in the extradition case.

The Leader (the Government organ) says it is an unprecedented act of interference with the rights of a free people, and Canada will not surrender her rights in obedience to the writ of an English court.

FROM CHARLESTON.—A Charleston correspondent of a Baltimore paper says:—

Within the city itself our blacksmiths, wheelwrights and iron foundries have been quite busy for several weeks past in mending and making heavy gun carriages, and in casting heavy shot and shells. From abroad we have been supplied with large quantities of powder, and I understand that the Government has contracted for several Armstrong guns in England. On the citadel green and on the battery (promenade) Charlestons, there are about fifty large pieces of ordnance, together with several bombs and howitzers.—These are all mounted and furnished with timber wagons, &c., ready for active service.

Major Anderson, it is believed here, is adding greatly to the strength of his position. He has dug a mine under the causeway leading to the gate of his "donjon," and will blow up the first company that attempts an escalade. This he can easily do without injuring himself or his fortification. At the points, however, that bear upon Sumpter, South Carolina still continues to concentrate her forces, and when the struggle does come, it will be terrible.

Under date of Jan. 30th, the same correspondent writes:—

Before taking my departure for Montgomery, to attend the first Congress of the Southern Confederacy, I take the occasion of dropping you a parting line, and will resume my correspondence in a day or two from the heart of Dixie's Land.

"WHEN WILL SUMPTER BE ATTACKED?"—The events of the past few days, and the tidings from Washington so unfavorable to a peaceable surrender of Fort Sumpter, have brought about a settled conviction that we have warm work to encounter. The question is not now, "Will Fort Sumpter be attacked?" but "When will the attack commence?" The note of warlike preparation has not ceased during the progress of the parley between the two Governments, and the fortifications of the harbor, over which the Palmetto flag floats, have been strengthened and brought to a condition of readiness for immediate action.

PREPARATIONS AT FORT MOULTRIE.—Fort Moultrie, under the skillful direction of Major Ripley, with his black brigade of picks and shovels, has thrown up breastworks and mounted heavy guns to such an extent that the whole appearance of the fort has changed, and has almost attained its utmost state of efficiency. Huge heaps of sand-bags surmount the ramparts, faced with palmetto logs, and covered with hides, from the embrasures of which the grim dogs of war protrude their muzzles, nine of them levelled direct at Fort Sumpter. What is conceived to be the weakest point in the granite mass has been selected as the mark of which all these cannon are pointed, and they will give the work of the mason a severe test. The interior of the fort also presents a most warlike aspect. The oven for hot shot is in readiness, like your steam fire engines, for firing up at any moment, and all the equipments for carnage piled up around the gun carriages. The magazine has been buried in a cavern of sand-bags, and is believed to be beyond the reach of shot or shell. Every arrangement has been made not only for the protection of the men, but for receiving the balls of Sumpter with the least possible damage.

ANXIOUS FOR A FIGHT.—The military are anxious for the fight to commence, as having come to Charleston to fight, they are indisposed to go home without smelling powder.—They are most impatient at the delay, and the stormy and unpleasant weather has rendered their anxiety the more intense and irksome. At Morris Island three large Columbiads have been mounted, and entrenched in sand-bags, with a 42-pounder and a formidable mortar. The batteries at Fort Johnson are also becoming quite formidable, and it is intended to keep up a fire on Sumpter in these three forts for twenty-four hours before an attempt is made to assault the stronghold of Uncle Sam. The impression is that a breach can be made in the walls, and that Major Anderson's limited garrison will be so worn out by the severe labors of working the guns incessantly for so long a time, that the storming party on rafts will be able to accomplish the escalade without much difficulty or loss of life.

THE PROPOSED ASSAULT.—There is no doubt of the fact that rafts are being constructed for the assault, and I have seen one of them in progress, though it is a secret of the secret work of the campaign that cannot be too closely inquired into. They will be constructed of Palmetto logs, and cotton bales used as a protection for the assailing party, whilst approaching the fort. There is no flagging on the part of the military in view of the havoc of life that must be the result of the assault, and the anxiety from day to day to commence operations is increasing. The temporising policy of the Governor and his Council meets with much harsh criticism by the inconsiderate, but it is evident that even should the attack ultimately be made; so far as preparations are concerned, South Carolina has obtained more by the delay than Major Anderson."

DETENTION OF A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.—Lieut. James Jewett, U. S. Navy, a Kentuckian, when about to leave Pensacola for Washington, was arrested by the Florida authorities, who would not permit him to depart unless upon his parole of honor that he would never take up arms against the State of Florida. The document was duly drawn and presented to the lieutenant, who accepted it as the only means of escape from imprisonment.

Senator Crittenden is very indignant, and advised Lieutenant Jewett to proceed at once to the Secretary of the Navy and report the facts, which he did. What action the Federal authorities will take in relation to the matter is not yet known.

SEIZURE OF THE MINT AND CUSTOM-HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS.—New Orleans, Feb. 1.—The United States Mint and Custom-House were quietly taken possession of yesterday by the State authorities. The officials continued in their positions, having taken the oath prescribed by the ordinance of secession to-day. The amount in the Mint is $380,267; and in the hands of the Sub-Treasurer, $121,238. There is altogether $734,736 of the public moneys in the Southern States, including the amounts at New Orleans.

☞ At Brooklyn, New Hampshire, on the 1st, the roof of the dwelling of Mr. Gibson was crushed in by the snow. His wife and two daughters were killed.

☞ A FRIENDLY DEFENCE.—"I say," said a young fellow to his friend, "do you know that Jones said you were not fit to clean his shoes." "Did he?" was the reply. "I hope you defended me." "Yes, that I did." "What did you say?" "I said you were."

☞ BORES OF SOCIETY.—There are two principal bores in society, from which all the little bores spring, viz., there is big bore No. 1—the man who knows too much; and bore No. 2—the man who knows too little. Both are desperate bores.

☞ We suppose bullets graze men sometimes, because they know that all flesh is grass.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Pennsylvania Democratic State Committee met on the 30th at Harrisburg, thirty-three members being present. A call was issued for a State Convention, to be held the 21st of February, at Harrisburg. Vincent L. Bradford, of this city, offered a resolution which was adopted, declaring this confederation in process of dissolution, and that it can only be reconstructed on Democratic principles.

NEW JERSEY.—The Republican members of the State Legislature have published a pamphlet, totally dissenting from the resolutions passed recently, on the subject of our national difficulties, and have expressed their views on the subject by publishing the minority report and signing their names thereto. They have also appointed a committee to present their views to Congress.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Convention Bill has been passed. It orders that the question of Convention or no Convention be put to the people, who are to elect delegates at the same time. It seeks to restrict the operation of Federal laws. The election is to be held on the 28th of February.

GREAT FISHING.—On Thursday last, a party of fishermen caught in the Delaware river, near Point Pleasant, at a single haul, 3,500 suckers, as plump, fat and juicy as ever graced a table. A two horse wagon, piled full of these fish arrived in our town the next morning, and met with a ready sale at twenty-five cents a string. We just put this enormous haul against the world to beat.—*Doylestown Dem.*

A WEDDING INTERRUPTED.—A young Polander married a fellow countrywomen of his in New York, eight years ago. All went well till some three months since when Mr. P. went to Chicago on *business*. His wife learning from a friend that the business was another marriage, dressed herself and children for a wedding and followed him. She arrived at the bride's house just in time. The children rushed into the paternal arms, the bride fainted; wife's brother caned husband; wife rushed to the kitchen, came back with a great dish of boiling soup and scalded husband so that he died two weeks after.

YALE AGRICULTURAL LECTURES.—Apprehending the effect of the present state of the country in diminishing the interest and usefulness of an agricultural convention, it has been decided to postpone a repetition of the "Yale Agricultural Lectures" to another year. The regular lectures of the institution on Agricultural Chemistry and the general principles of Agriculture will be given as usual, commencing Feb. 1st.

CANNON FOR CHARLESTON.—It is stated that several rifled cannon have been shipped from Liverpool for Charleston.

A NEW SOURCE OF GAS SUPPLY.—The Rev. Dr. Peter, of Chelsea, Tenn., has discovered that a superior quality of gas can be made out of cotton seed, with the addition of a little rosin. His church and dwelling are lit up with it at a trifling cost.

THE intended performance of "La Traviata," in Berlin, has been forbidden by the authorities, on the ground that the libretto is unfit for the ears of a Protestant city.

A LADY at Janesville, N. Y., had a narrow escape from death by a pin which she was holding in her mouth, dropping into the windpipe. Her agony was terrible; but skillful surgical aid being at hand, she was relieved while under the influence of chloroform, by opening of the throat and extracting the pin, after an operation which occupied three hours.

EXTRAORDINARY ENDURANCE OF PAIN.—Mr. Hutton, of Radley, was caught in some mill machinery, and his arm terribly crushed. He extricated himself, and stopped the machinery. Allowing no one to enter the intelligence to his wife, he concealed the injured arm and walked home. He proceeded into the house with all his usual calmness, took down a book from the shelf and commenced reading it for a few minutes, then gradually broke the news to his wife. Surgical assistance was procured, and throughout the necessary manipulations the patient endured bravely his sufferings, aided by his wife, whom he had inspired with fortitude and resignation. Unfortunately amputation was necessary.

A SINGULAR WAGER was won recently by a skater on the Lake of Geronsart, near Namur, Belgium. He bet that he would skate for an hour, carrying a basket of eggs on his head without breaking one of them. He accomplished the feat in the first mile, having, during the hour, written his name in elaborate characters on the ice, besides tracing an immense variety of complicated figures, and at last set down the basket and received his wager, amid the cheers of all present.

THE citizens of Norristown, Pa., on the 31st, fired a salute of thirty-four guns, in honor of Lieut. Slemmer and his lady, of Fort Pickens, both natives of that town.

THE census of Missouri shows that State to have 1,407,536 whites, 114,196 slaves, and 4,902 free negroes, or in the aggregate 1,524,636. This is much larger than Missouri has been announced as having, and it places the State next in rank to Illinois in point of population, the total being larger than either Indiana or Virginia.

A HANDLOOM weaver of Dunfermline, Scotland, has invented a machine for weaving Brussels velvet pile carpets and table covers, which, it is predicted, will cause a revolution in these branches of manufacture. Such products have heretofore been slowly made by hand.

THE IRON FOUNDRIES.—Captan Parrot, of the large foundries at Cold Spring, opposite West Point, one of the foundries most extensively engaged in the casting of cannon in the country, has refused to fill any orders for arms which may come to him from secessionists. At the time of the secession of Georgia, Capt. Parrot had large orders from the government of that State for cannon, which he promptly returned on receipt of the news, and also refused to make any deliveries of cannon already cast. Wm. L. Lion, N. Y., has also refused to furnish arms to the secession States.

A NORTHERN victim to crinoline is recorded in the London papers. Miss Maria Power, of Hyde Park Square, was standing before the grate in her father's drawing-room, when her expanded dress caught fire and she was burnt shockingly, nothing remaining on her but her skeleton skirt. She died in great agony.

VERY TRUE.—A Western editor thinks sewing girls cannot be expected to compete with sewing machines, for they haven't such iron constitutions.

A PARAGRAPH in an exchange states that *only* thirty-five men were killed last year in duels in the United States.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 2, 1861.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	5 dis.
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	par to ¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Hampshire	par
Delaware	par	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Georgia	10 dis.	New York City	par
Illinois	10 dis.	New York State	par
Indiana	5 dis.	North Carolina	5 dis.
Iowa	15 to 20 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Kansas	—	Ohio	10 dis.
Kentucky	¼ dis.	Pennsylvania par to ¼ dis.	
Louisiana	¼ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	South Carolina	1 dis.
Maryland	2 to 5 dis.	Tennessee	— dis.
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Texas	—
Michigan	1 dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Minnesota	—	Virginia	5 dis.
Mississippi	—	Wisconsin	5 dis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is very little export demand for Flour, and with fair receipts and less favorable advices from abroad prices are 12½@25c ₱ bbl lower, with sales of about 7000 bbls at $5.25@5.40 for standard and good straight superfine, $5.50@5.62½ for extra; and $5.75@6 for family. The sales to the trade have also been limited within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6.25@6.75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, and the market dull. Rye Flour is also dull, and prices lower, with small sales at $3.75@3.87½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet but little inquired for and dull, Penna Meal being freely offered at $3 ₱ bbl, without finding buyers.

GRAIN.—There has been rather more Wheat offering, and prices are 2@3c ₱ bus lower, with sales of 30,000 bus, mostly for shipment and 126 @130c for common to good and prime Reds, the latter for prime Penna and Southern, and 135@ 150c for common to prime White; the demand is only moderate. Rye is also rather lower, with small receipts and sales at about 75c for State and North River. Corn is arriving more freely, and prices are 3@5c ₱ bus lower, with sales of 30,000 bus, mostly new Yellow, at 64@66c in the cars and afloat, including some lots sold in the cars at 60@63c, the market closing dull and unsettled. Old Corn has been selling at 70c. Oats are not much inquired for, and dull; about 15,000 bus, mostly Penna, sold at 34c, including some Jersey at 33½c, and Southern at 36c. Barley and Malt are unchanged, with sales of the former at 75c, and the latter at 80@90c, and the demand good.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks continue light, and the market firm at fully former rates. Mess Pork selling in lots, as wanted, at ₱ bbl, dressed Hogs are worth $7@7,25 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off in lots, mostly to go South, at 10¼@10¾c for Sides, and 9¾@10c for Shoulders, cash and time; holders now ask more. Hams range at from 11 to 13c for fancy and cured. Of green meat further sales are reported at 7¾@ 8c for Shoulders in salt, and 9¼@9¾c for Sides; Hams are held at 9@9½c and not much doing. Lard is dull at 10½c for prime Western in tes and bbls, and 11½c for kegs, and held at that but little or no business is doing. Butter continues dull, prime roll selling slowly at 23@24c, packed is not much inquired for and quoted at 20@21c. Cheese, as to choice, and prices range at 10@11c ₱ lb. Eggs are coming in more freely, and sell at 16c ₱ doz, which is a further decline.

COTTON.—The stocks and receipts continue very light, and the market is quiet and nominally unchanged, with only some 750 bales have been disposed of at prices within the range of 13@13½c for Upland middling to good middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK.—There is very little Quercitron arriving, and lots No 1 is in steady demand at $25 ₱ ton, but holders generally ask more; some small lots of lot No 2 have been disposed of at $20.

BEESWAX is held at 31@32c, which is above the views of buyers, and there is very little selling.

COAL.—The market remains very inactive, and prices remain without any quotable change. There is a moderate inquiry to supply the home trade.

COFFEE.—The arrivals have been very light, and the stock being nearly all out of first hands, the market has been quiet but steady and firm, with sales of some 3000 bags to notice at 13¾@ 14c for Laguayra, and 11¾@11¾c for Rio, on 4 mos terms, mostly of the former description, at about the latter figure.

COPPER.—The demand for all kinds continues limited and prices about the same.

FEED.—Bran is dull, and good Western move off as wanted at 45@46c, as to lot.

FRUIT.—The sales are limited at 3@3½c for prime Peaches; 8@9c for unpared Peaches, and 10 @12c ₱ lb for pared do. Green Apples are not so plenty and selling at 81½@$2 ₱ bbl, and Cranberries at $6@$9 ₱ bbl, as in quality. 700 bus Wilmington Peanuts sold at $1.40, cash; bags 10c each extra.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES are firm but quiet. The demand for slaughter Hides is better, but prices are the same.

HOPS.—The demand continues very limited at 28@32c for new crop, Eastern and Western. The stock is light, and old hops very dull.

IRON.—There is some little inquiry for spring delivery, but generally at prices below the views of makers, and the transactions are mostly in small lots at $42 and $20 for the three numbers of Anthracite Pig Metal, in cash.

LEAD.—Buyers are holding off, and no sales of any consequence have been made public.

LEATHER.—The demand continues limited, and the sales mostly to supply the wants of the local trade, at about previous rates.

LUMBER.—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and prices rule about the same.

MOLASSES.—The market is dull but firm, and small sales of New Orleans are reported at 36@ 37c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER.—There is none offering or selling, and quotations are nearly nominal.

RICE is firm with a small business to note at 3¾@4c ₱ lb, the latter for prime.

SEEDS.—There has been a good demand for Clovers ed, and some 2500 bus have been disposed of at 8¼@8,25 ₱ bus, mostly at the latter rate for prime. Timothy is steady at $2,25, and domestic Flaxseed at $1,45 ₱ bus, with small receipts and sales of the latter.

SPIRITS.—There is no change in Brandy and Gin, and about the usual business doing. N E Rum is steady at 33c@34c, with small sales. Whiskey is rather lower, Penna bbls selling at 17¼@ 18c, Western do 18c@18½c, Drudge 16½c@17c, and bhds at 17½c.

SUGARS.—The market has been more active this week, without much change to note in prices, and some 900 hhds have been taken, chiefly Cubas, for refining, at 5¼c, including some Porto Ricos, on terms kept private, and 400 do of Muscovado at 5c, all on the usual credit, closing ¼@ ⅜c lower.

TALLOW is quiet, and selling at 9½@9¾c for rendered. Some Western sold at the former rate, and 100 casks Butchers' Association at 10c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—The market remains very inactive, but without any changes to note in leaf or manufactured.

WOOL.—There is very little doing in the way of sales, and no quotable change in the market, the sales being confined to small lots of fleece and pulled at about previous rates.

FUR MARKET.

The following quotations indicate the present state of the market as nearly as we are able to make them. We quote:—

	No. & Ea'n.	Western.	Southern.
Otter, ₱ piece,	$4,50@5,50	$3,50@4,50	$2,50@3,50
Black & Silver Fox	12,00@20,00	—	—
Cross Fox	3,50@5,00	—	—
Red Fox	1,00@1,37	—	—
Gray Fox	25@37	18@25	12@18
Bear, Black	2,00@3,00	1,50@2,00	1,00@1,50
Fisher	3,00@4,00	2,00@3,00	1,50@2,00
Martin, common	1,00@1,25	75@1,00	50@75
Do., dark	1,50@2,00	1,00@1,25	75@1,00
Mink, dark	75@1,00	—	—
Muskrat	1,75@2,00	1,00@1,50	75@1,00
Raccoon	25@37	18@25	12@18
Beaver, ₱ lb	1,00@1,50	—	—
Beaver, Indian ₱ lb	—	1,00@1,50	75@1,00
Deer, ₱ dozen skins	50@75	37@50	25@37
Raccoon, com.	—@—	—@—	12@15
Do. prime	—@—	—@—	18@25
Fox, Red	—@31	—@25	—@20
Wolf, Prairie	—@31	—@25	—@20
Wolf, large White	1,00@1,50	—	—

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1252 head. Prices varying from 7 to 9¼c ₱ lb. 80 Cows were sold at prices ranging from $23 to 45 ₱ head. 4300 Sheep were disposed of at from 4¼ to 6c ₱ lb, gross weight, 1000 Hogs brought from 8¾ to 8¾ ₱ cwt.

DIPTHERIA.

☞ For the cure of that dreaded disease, DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a specific, if resorted to in time.

It should be used, mixed with water, as a gargle, and the throat bathed with PAIN KILLER freely. Read what Dr. Walton writes us under date of Nov. 28, 1860, from Coshocton county, Ohio :—

"I am happy to inform you that the PAIN KILLER cures this new disease, *Diptheria or Sore Throat*, that is prevailing to so alarming an extent in this section of the country. On Walnut Creek, Holmes county, they have scarcely any other remedy, and it has never been known to fail in a single instance when used in time. This fact you may make known to the world."

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 2.—FLOUR heavy; sales of 5000 bbls at $5,15@5,25 for State; $5,20@5,75 for Ohio, and $5,35@5,90 for Southern. Wheat heavy; sales of 50,000 bus common at 140. Corn declined, 10,000 bus sold at 68c for mixed. Whiskey is held at 18½c; buyers offer 18.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 24th, 1861, HENRY A. STILES, of this city, to CORA, daughter of ROBT. J. Anderson, Esq., of that place.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. A. W. Sproul, CHARLES D. PENNELL, to MARY C., only daughter of the late Wm. D. Dyer, all of the borough of Chester.

On Tuesday evening, the 23d ultimo, at Saint George's Church, by the Rev. Morse Stryker, LOUIS C. BILLOU, to CLARA, daughter of Alex. Peterson, Jr. all of St. Louis, Mo.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. JOSEPH HOUSER, to Miss MARY RAINEY, both of this city.

On Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1861, by the Rev. J. J. Williamson, CHARLES M. TOWN, to KATE P., third daughter of the late Samuel Trimble, of Baltimore.

On the evening of the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Winter, GEORGE L. MOYER, to EMMA A. TIBBEY, daughter of John Tibben, Esq. all of Roxborough.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, 1861, by the Rev. J. T. Shepherd, Mr. ARTHUR P. SEDGWICK, to Miss LIZZIE A. ADELIA, daughter of Henry N. Wentz, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Penn's Manor, on first-day morning, the 27th of 1st mo., CAROLINE H. EASTBURN, daughter of the late Saml. Eastburn, formerly of Bucks county, in her 29th year.

On the 8th of Jan. at the Island of St. Barts, W. L. WM. VANDEVIELD, in his 41st year.

On the 26th ultimo, ABI W. wife of Francis Lightfoot.

At Penna., on the 28th ultimo, SAMUEL R. SIMMONS, in his 62d year.

January 29th, 1861, RACHEL, daughter of Simeon Yoby, aged 77.

At West Chester, Pa. on the 28th of Jan. 1861, ELIZA HEWSON, relict of the late David Caldwell, in her 87th year.

On Sunday morning, Jan. 20th, CATHARINE, relict of the late Cornelius Comegys, in her 85th year.

Of apoplexy, on first-day evening, 27th ultimo, WALADEN EVANS, late of Chester county.

On the 24th ultimo, EDITH KITE, in her 84th year.

On Thursday, 24th ultimo, MARY LAWS, relict of the late Geo. Laws.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U.S. 6 pr ct., 1868	104	—
" " 1867	102	—
" " 1862	—	—
" "5" coupon 7 3-10	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct. old	99	—
" " new	—	102
Pitts 6 pr ct.	—	—
" 5 pr ct.	—	—
All'y Co'y 6 pr ct.	—	—
County	40	—
Penn 5 pr ct.	95	—
" "	95	—
Texas 5 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct.	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio "	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct.	91	—
Tennessee "	91	92½
Virginia "	91	92½
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'kl Nav 6 pr ct. loan, '72	66½	67½
imp. 6 pr ct.	50	—
Sch'kl Nav stock	—	—
preferred	16	17
Lehigh Nav stock	17	18
mort 6 pr ct.	100	—
Lehigh Gold Loan	100	—
Morris Consol'd	56½	57
Susquehanna	100	110
Ches & Del.	35	—
bonds	—	—
Union	8	10
bonds	15	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater	18	19
1870	—	—
RAILROAD STOCKS.		
Pennsylvania RR	53	53½
1st mort bonds	100	—
stock	58	58½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1883	90	90½
stock	110	111½
Reading R R 5 pr ct mort '97	82	—
mort '74	92	—
stock	77	77½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	51½	52
Phil & Erie, con. loan, '90	84	—
Elmira	—	—
7's 1st mort	95	97
2nd	67	68
Phila	50	—
Catawissa	3	5
preferred	7	9
Beaver Meadow stock	56½	58½
Penna Coal	—	—
Northern Coal	—	—
North Penn R R	—	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R	—	—
6 pr ct loan	61	62
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	49	49
6 pr ct con. loan	97	97½
Elmira R R stock	26	28
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	79½	—
Michigan Central	81	—
Illinois	—	—
Michigan Southern	13½	—

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$5 A DAY.—Also Post-Masters, Teachers, and Clergymen, at home or to travel, on Salary or Commission, for Marie Louise Hankins' Pictorial

"FAMILY NEWSPAPER."

Handsomest and best in the world, for only 75 Cts. A Lady wanted, Agents for Marie Louise Hankins' Curious Book of Female Characters in the city, entitled

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Strictly moral, but very interesting and saleable. 400 Pages. 50 Engravings (Portraits of life like Women), fancy binding, only $1. Description of Book, sample of Paper, and Terms of Agency, mailed gratis. Address HANKINS & CO., New York

jan26-3t

NEARLY 200 SONGS FOR 12 CENTS.

THE SHILLING SONG BOOK, containing all the best songs of the day, a large number of which, being copyrights, are not to be found in any other collection. Sent by mail post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents. Published by

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
277 Washington Street, Boston.

500 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in a new business which pays from $3 to $7 per day. For full particulars, address

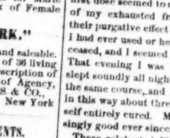
M. M. SANBORN,
Brasher Falls, N. Y.

feb9-2t

WINTER WORK, at which from $12 to $15 per week, and expenses, can be made. Work easy and pleasant, and you run no risk. Send stamp and address to

H. CLARK & CO., Union City, Mich.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY HAIR? Use LYON'S KATHAIRON. It is, beyond question, the finest preparation ever made. The Illumenated sale proves its excellence. It has never been given such universal satisfaction. It restores, preserves, and beautifies the Hair, and imparts a delightful odor. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents a bottle.



jan26-4t

125 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY.—Recipes, Arts, Secrets, Discoveries, &c., sent to any address for 25 cents. Address J. WILHELM, Morristown, N. J.

feb2-2t

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

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THE PATENT MICA LAMP CHIMNEYS will not break by falling or cleaning in the coldest weather. They are more transparent than glass, and do not require one-tenth the cleaning. They are an ornament to any lamp, where as the glass chimneys are detected from their appearance. They are made of the finest quality of Mica without flaws of any kind, and fit all the ordinary burners in use. For further particulars address the manufacturers and patentees.

HORNING & HUMPHREY,
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N. B.—A well selected stock of Coal Oil Lamps at prices defying competition; also the Portland Kerosene Oil.

feb9-2t

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New and novel style of VALENTINES comprising 50,000 different kinds. Prices $10, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 50c, 38c, 25c, 12c, 6c. 200 kinds of comic Valentines superior to any published in the United States.

FISHER & BROTHERS,
Valentine Manufacturers,
10 South Sixth Street,
Philadelphia.

feb9-2t

SILVER WARE.

We have now on hand a large assortment of Silver Ware, comprising Plain and Fancy patterns, Forks, Ladles, Cream and Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, and Napkin Rings, &c., &c. The above articles made for our own sales, are warranted equal to coin, and sold at the lowest prices.

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No. 13 South Second St.,
dec 15-tf 5th door below Market (West side.)

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Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

aug18-1y

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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT MANUFACTORY,
NO. 706 CHESTNUT STREET,
Above Seventh, opposite the Washington House.

Fine SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

jan5-26t

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WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, address, (Post Paid) Enc. to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati.

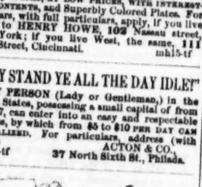
mh15-tf

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $8 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)

ACTON & CO.,
37 North Sixth St., Philada.

oct20-tf



The ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic cords. The fingered useful to the utmost extend.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and by actual experiment, has proved triumphant over fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the GOLD MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in London and New York. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage testifies the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

For Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
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FEVER and AGUE, AND ALL FEVERS are cured by perseverance with

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

which takes all poisons, of whatever nature they may be, from the circulation.

Mr. John Y. Haight, Supervisor of New Castle, Westchester county, New York, says, November, 1858:—"I was, two years ago, attacked with fever and ague, which, notwithstanding the best medical advice, continued to sorely afflict me for six tedious months; I became yellow as saffron, and reduced to skin and bone. Medicine and physicians were abandoned in despair. As an experiment, I concluded to try a single dose of Brandreth's Universal Vegetable Pills, on an empty stomach, early in the morning. The first dose seemed to arouse all the latent energies of my exhausted frame. I feared the worst—their purgative effect was different from anything I had ever used or heard of. At length this effect ceased, and I seemed lighter and breathed freer. That evening I was indeed sensibly better and slept soundly all night. The next day I followed the same course, and continued to take the pills in this way about three weeks, when I found myself entirely cured. My health has been surprisingly good ever since."

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 218 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines.

feb2-2t

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

feb2-1f

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.—To sell a new and valuable Machine, on salary or commission. For terms, address, with stamp inclosed,

J. W. HARRIS & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Jan19-4t

CANCERS, TUMORS, WENS, ULCERS, &c., permanently cured without surgical operations. Also Scrofula, Hip Disease, White Swelling, Goitre and Chronic Diseases generally, very successfully treated by letter or otherwise. Pamphlet on the Treatment and Cure of Cancers, &c., *sent free*, to any part of the country.

Address DR. C. MACNICHOL,
jan26-3t No. 50 North Fifth St., Philada.

ROMEO FOR THE DISSATISFIED!

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

HOMES FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS, IN THE GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST, THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY HAVE FOR SALE 1,300,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS, In TRACTS OF FORTY ACRES AND UPWARD, On LONG CREDIT AND AT LOW PRICES.

MECHANICS, FARMERS and WORKINGMEN.

The attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable and permanent homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all of the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep, rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads, and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

CULTIVATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil, the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and working of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in the various manufacturing employments.

ROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. In these works a valuable public fund in lands, ARE LIGHT, and must, consequently, every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,100,398.14, *and within the last three years has been reduced* $2,969,746.80, *and we are now actually expect that in ten years it will become extinct.*

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population, 868,026 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,719,496—a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Products sent out during the past year exceeded 50,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere else the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon deep, rich loam, the fertility of which is unsurpassed by any other soil.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854 *the Company have sold* 1,500,000 *acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains this condition. The road has been constructed through the State at a cost of* $30,000,000. *In* 1850 *the population of forty nine counties through which it passes was only* 597,598, *since which* 479,266 *have been added, making the whole population* 814,864, *a gain of* 140 *per cent.*

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,000,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 bales of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with the large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can grow up in sight of the church and school-house, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the great West ern Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First-class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre, and the relative prospects of selling prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 3 to 1 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five, and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, pay able in four, five, six, and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from the date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, LAND COMMISSIONER,
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD,
Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, Appleton's Railway Guide.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to supersede the most expressive words of Other languages, and after a while to frame a language of our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now used in connection with the word Ache, and the word Headache, a great Headache Remedy, but it will be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will be used in connection with Headache and many others as occasion requires. Headache has been worn away by constant use, until they seem "native and to the manor born."

"Hardly Realized."

Hi 'ed 'is 'orrible 'eadache this 'afternoon, and I stepped into the 'ouse to borrow a bottle of 'el to the man. "Does it 'urt you much, sir, with 'eadache?" "Does it 'urt me, you ignorant Cockney? No, man, I have the Cephalic Pills, and I am free from pain in as short a time as possible after taking them." "Well, I 'ardly realized I 'ad a 'eadache, sir, it was so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad one at all."

Headache is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any derangement of the stomach, and the most obscure diseases are often first revealed in this way. Headache is not to be looked on as a disease, but merely as a symptom to give notice of disease which might otherwise be fatal before it will take to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified as the nervous, the sympathetic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is very commonly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism, and Paralysis. Nervous Headache is its nervous form it is sympathetic or diseased in the stomach, constituting *Bilious Headache*, or of hepatic disease, constituting *Nervous Headache*, or worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Disease of the heart are very frequently attended with Headache. Persons of full habit are also sometimes afflicted with frequently occasion headache, sometimes occasioning suddenly the state of apparently sound physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, being preceded by depression of spirits or scarcity of temper. In fact there is no pain that is the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BARNEY.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's

Wit and Humor.

NED FORREST AND THE "SUPE."

When Edwin Forrest was doing the leading business at the old Pearl Street Theatre, in Albany, some twenty-three years ago, and before he had reached even the second round of fame's tall ladder, there was attached to the theatre a fellow by the name of Diggory Custer. Diggory did the leading business in his department—was captain of the supers—a position that he no doubt took as much pains and pride in sustaining as did the American tragedian any of his casts.

Diggory was an old attache of the theatre—had been there for years—and though his position was an humble one, he was exceedingly popular with all the frequenters of the place.

Of course Diggory's position never gave him an opportunity to "spread himself," although occasionally he managed to make something of a show. He had participated in innumerable bloody hand-to-hand encounters with the enemy, and thereby had become an adept in the use of the sword—in short, he couldn't be taken down in the small or broadsword exercise. And on occasions when he had to contend with an enemy—whom he always vanquished—he never failed to "bring down the house"—the pit portion, certain.

Diggory had never "had a turn with Forrest," to use his own words. He was very anxious to "put him through," and had repeatedly endeavored to get an opportunity. At last, however, he succeeded, and, as said before, he came out ahead—took the great tragedian square down.

They were one night performing a piece full of fight—blood and carnage in every scene. Forrest, of course, took the leading character, did an immense amount of fighting and an equal quantity of killing. The scene was the last, and the agony was "piled on," the fighting was desperate. Forrest was up to his middle in blood, the dead and dying lying thick around him. Diggory belonged to the opposing army, and of course had a chance to show himself. The fight was promiscuous, and into Ned Forrest he pitched—one up and one down—three up and three down—cut, thrust, &c. The two were equally matched. Diggory was a muscular, broad-shouldered, bullet-headed and double-fisted fellow—Forrest the same, "only more so." Well, the fight "grew fast and furious." Ned was getting quite tired, and he was also getting angry.

"Down, you rascal! down, down I say!" almost yelled Forrest—loud enough, at any rate, for those in the pit to hear him.

And then arose such a yell in the pit as is seldom heard in the Bowery at the present day. "Go it, Diggory!" sings out one. "Rake him down!" yells another. "Don't give it up, old feller!" while a fourth proposed "Three cheers for Diggory Center."

And they were given. And such yells! A crowd of Stentors could not have beat it. Forrest couldn't stand it any longer, and with a curse "loud and deep," he backed off the stage, followed by Diggory, who was putting in the blows rapidly, and not very lightly; and some seconds after the two had made exit, and the curtain had fallen, the clash of swords could be distinctly heard.

WHAT FEATURE OF THE SPEECH FASCINATED THE BANKER.—During the late political canvass, a well-known and somewhat Boreastic politician, was delivering himself before a a gaping auditory. Among his hearers was an eminent banker, who, though opposed to the political principles of the speaker, appeared to take a great interest in everything that was said by him, and insisted on remaining and hearing it all, notwithstanding the requests of his friends, who wished him to leave, as everybody had voted the whole harangue a very flowery and finely-put "bore." But the old gentleman still stayed and listened. At last one of his friends, just before going and leaving him, ventured to ask why he took so much interest in the speech, when every one else had voted it as being very stupid.

"Curiosity," replied the old gentleman; "I consider it the most singular thing in the world; here has this man been speaking for two hours and a-half without the least physical or mental exertion!"

VALUE OF A TITLE.—Dr. Tyler, the President of the Windsor Hill Seminary, one of the fathers in New England theology, used to say that it took him a great while to find out the worth of his title; but after a long time it proved to be just "eight cents."

"I went into an apothecary store in Hartford," said the Doctor, "to purchase some medicine, and on inquiring the price was told it was twenty-five cents. But while the clerk was putting it up, a gentleman of my acquaintance came in and said: 'How do you do, Doctor Tyler?' And when I threw out my quarter to pay for the medicine, the clerk handed me back eight cents. 'How is this?' said I. 'Oh,' said the clerk, 'we ask common people twenty-five cents, but ask doctors only a shilling.' Then I told him I was only a D. D.,—one who preached, and not a practising doctor; but he refused to take the money back, and so I have always been ready to testify that a D. D. might be worth a sixpence."

A NEW VIEW OF NIAGARA.—The Ohio State Journal tells a story of an Irishman of the better class, who thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara. He arrives at the Falls, and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, addressed himself to a gentleman:

"And is this Niagara Falls?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And what is there here to make such a bother about?" asked Pat.

"Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see that mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?"

Pat, looking at the water, replies hesitatingly:

"An' what's to hinder it?"

DELAWARE LAW CASE.

Some years ago, in Newcastle County, Delaware, an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery, and in due time the case came to trial. The Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-examined, after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of the keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

"You say the prisoner at the bar is the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Was it moonlight when the occurrence took place?"

"Divil a bit iv it."

"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not have seen your hand before you."

"Was there any light shining from any house near by?"

"Divil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about."

"Well, then, if there was no moon, stars, nor light from any house, and so dark that you could not see your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner was the man? How could you see him?"

"Why, yer honor, when the spalpeen struck me, the fire flew out ov me eyes so bright you might have seen to pick up a pin, you might."

The court, jury, council, and spectators exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, but the prisoner was directly after declared not guilty.

VALUE OF AN EXPLANATION.—A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying,

"Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"

The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied,

"I have not got one, and if I had—"

On which weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which had formed the ground of the quarrel.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else *some other color*. But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—?"

"Why, of course, if I had, *I should have sent it!*" an explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

FIVE DEATHS AT A TIME.—A Frenchman, resolved to be rid of life, went a little before high tide, to a post set up by the sea side. He had provided himself with a ladder, a rope, a pistol, a bundle of matches, and a vial of poison. Ascending the ladder, he tied one end of the rope to the post, and the other end round his neck; then he took the poison, set his clothes on fire, put the muzzle of the pistol to his head, and kicked away the ladder. In kicking down the ladder, he sloped the pistol so that the ball missed his head and cut through the rope by which he was suspended; he fell into the sea, thus extinguishing the flames of his clothes, and the sea water, which he involuntarily swallowed, counteracted the poison, and thus, in spite of his precautions, he remained unhanged, unshot, unpoisoned, unburned and undrowned.

HOW TO SWIM IN A SURF.—At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, one of the members, in the course of a discussion, gave the following very useful information for persons who may be shipwrecked or who happen to fall overboard at sea:—"The person must maintain such a position as to see the waves as they approach. All that is required, then, is that the swimmer keep his course, watching their approach. As he rises upon a wave, he will see a roaring cataract three or four feet high rushing toward him as though it threatened destruction; but if he holds his breath a moment, the crest will pass harmlessly over him, and in an instant he will find himself on the windward slope of the wave, perfectly safe and ready to continue as before. If the person is floating upon a board or plank, he should turn his head toward the coming waves and keep his float at right angles to them, holding his breath as before when the crests pass. In this way he will be safely driven to the beach; but if he allows the board to be struck by the waves sideways, he may be rolled over and over, and, in his fright, let go his hold."

A RELIGIOUS MINDED CHILD.—The young daughter of Lady —— had a complaint in her knee, and the surgeons decided that the limb must be taken off. Her mother told her all the facts, and asked whether she would submit to the operation, or take the risk of death. "Oh, mamma," the child at once replied, "I would much rather die, because I should then be so happy; but then God does not call for my life, but for my limb; and if I were to choose to die rather than to have it taken off, it would be doing my will, and not God's will." When the operation was performed, her mother, being in another room, heard one loud scream, and supposed it was just begun, but it was over, that being the only complaint she uttered. When the surgeon praised her "good sense"—"Oh, no," said she, "but I will tell you what it was: it was two verses in the Bible:—'Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of Heaven;' and, 'if we suffer we shall also reign with him.' I thought of these, and that helped me to bear the pain."

☞ "I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would take him to the station-house if he did not move on.

ALICE.—I do not know what to find fault with. I think it a very good likeness indeed.

FITZ-EDWARD.—Oh, yes. The—aw—likeness is good enough, but anybody can have a likeness taken. It's the expression I find fault with—the expression!

SEEK NOT THY BRIDE IN MIDNIGHT HALLS.

Seek not thy bride in midnight halls,
Tho' beauty's hand may beckon there;
Think not the smile more sweetly falls
'Neath gilded domes and jewell'd hair!
Tho' sunny lips and sparkling eyes
Around thee throw enchantment's fold,
Fond hope there roused too often dies,
The lips forget the vows they told.

Go seek her 'mid the quiet shades
Of home—where pure affection dwells!
There find the love which never fades,
But brightly weaves its fairy spells;
Thus, through the waste of fleeting years,
Content and peace thy steps will guide;
In cheerful home 'scape folly's tears,
In midnight halls seek not thy bride.

LEAPING.—If the footmarks of a good horse that has galloped over turf be measured, it will be found that in every stride his four feet have covered a space of twenty-two feet. If, in cold blood, he be very gently cantered at a common sheep-hurdle, without any ditch on one side of it or the other, it will be found that he has cleared, or rather has not been able to help clearing, from ten to twelve feet. In Egypt, an antelope, chased by hounds, on coming suddenly to a little crack or crevice in the ground, caused by the heat of the sun, has been observed at a bound to clear thirty feet, and yet, on approaching a high wall, the same animal slackened his pace, stops for a second, and then pops over it.—*The Horse and his Rider. By Sir F. B. Head.*

Agricultural.

GREEN CROPS.

In the first number of the current volume, a writer on the subject says: "We are told the clover roots weigh 1,200 pounds per acre; add a ton and a half of tops, (which is very large) and we have two tons of green clover as a manuring."

Two tons of green clover to the acre! The writer's experience has taught him that two tons of cured clover hay per acre is no uncommon yield in Central Massachusetts, and three tons per acre by no means an unusual crop. The green clover of such an acre could not weigh less than from ten to fifteen tons, and might reach twenty, even, in cases of extraordinary growth, at the time it begins to blossom.

What then would be the comparative worth of such a crop of clover turned in, green, as compared with its value for hay over the cost of curing and housing for winter? The economy of ploughing in green crops as a means of fertilizing cultivated grounds, seems not to be a well settled question. A skillful and practical farmer in the Connecticut Valley, turned in upon one-half of a field a heavy clover crop, and manured heavily the other half, and planted it to corn the following year; and all through the season of growth, that part of the field where the clover was ploughed in, was superior in appearance to that part where the barnyard manure was applied, and the yield was better at harvest.

Does anybody suppose or believe that an acre of clover cured and fed to cattle, and the manure, every particle made thereof, returned to the field whence it was taken, would fertilize that soil any more than the same crop would have done, had it been turned in when green and full grown? Is anything added to its fertilizing qualities by passing it through our animals' stomachs? On the other hand, is not so much lost, comparatively, as is absorbed by animal nutrition?

Sir Humphrey Davy, that eminent chemist who shed so much light in his day on both the theory and practice of farming, said that "land, when not employed in growing food for animals, should be used in making manure for plants," stating this "is done by means of green crops in consequence of the absorption of carbonaceous matter from the atmosphere. That in a naked summer fallow, a period is always lost in which vegetables may be grown either as food for animals or as nourishment for a crop."

The ploughing in of green crops is no new idea. The Romans practiced it more than 1800 years ago. Pliny recorded the practice of ploughing in the lupin, a plant of the clover family.

Sir Humphrey Davy further stated "that it is a general principle of chemistry that in all cases of decomposition, substances combine much more readily at the moment of their disengagement, than after they have been regularly formed. And in fermentation beneath the soil, the fluid matter produced, is applied instantly, even while it is warm, to the organs of the plant, and consequently is more likely to be efficient than manure that has gone through the process." He continues —"It may be doubtful whether there is as much useful manure at the end of a clean green crop fallow, as at the time the vegetables clothing the surface were ploughed in. That the action of the sun upon the surface of the soil tends to disengage the gaseous and volatile fluid matters that it contains; and heat increases the rapidity of fermentation; that in the summer fallow—with green crops, nourishment is rapidly produced, at a time when no vegetables are present to absorb it."

Clover is unquestionably the greatest improver of the soil that can be used for this purpose. Rye, Buckwheat, lupin, and other leguminous plants, besides the clovers, are thus used.

Will farmers who have practiced the ploughing in of green crops, state what their experience has been, and what crops they have ploughed in for fertilization they have found best for that purpose? Facts are wanted to settle this question relative to such a use of green crops.—*Country Gentleman.*

TIME FOR CUTTING TIMBER.

We have been long satisfied that the best time to cut timber is in summer, provided it is not left in the log, but is immediately worked up into boards, rails, or whatever is intended. It dries rapidly, and becomes hard and sound. Cut and saw basswood in summer, and in a few weeks it will become thoroughly seasoned, and will finally harden so as to almost resemble horn. Cut it in winter, and it will be so long in seasoning as to become partly decayed before the process can be completed. No doubt, the presence of the water or sap in great abundance in winter, and especially towards the latter part, hastens this incipient decay. Rails cut and split in summer, and the bark pealed to hasten drying, have lasted twice as long as winter cut rails. A correspondent of the New England Farmer says:

"I have had more or less experience for many years in cutting wood and timber, and making fences, so that what I have to say on the subject will spring from experience.

"About twenty-five years ago, I set a man to chopping wood some time in the month of June, and it happened that he only cut one tree, a chestnut, about a foot in diameter, and split and piled the same. I drew it in the winter after, and it dried the best and brightest of any wood I ever cut. I have cut some thousands of cords since. There is one objection to cutting wood between the time of the sap having passed up into the branches and back again into the roots. One year, I cut several cords early in September, which has not sprouted until this day, while wood cut on the same slope in winter sent up sprouts five and six feet the first year after being cut.

"My method of managing woodland is to thin out all the small trees after they get to be of considerable size, and leave the main ones to grow. By this process I find the timber makes very fast, and when I cut clean, if there are any thrifty trees, I leave them until the wood is ready to cut again. By this mode of procedure I get large and tall timber. For instance, twenty or twenty-five years ago, I left on an acre thirty or forty chestnut trees, from six to eight inches through; and they are now from fifty to seventy feet high, and from twenty to thirty inches in diameter.

"Twenty-one years ago, I set about twenty-five rods of boards and post fence. I cut the posts and peeled them the year before. I set the fence as soon as they were perfectly dry, the butt ends all in the ground. The posts were from six to eight inches in diameter, and are nearly all standing now. The soil where the fence was built is gravel."

BRAZILIAN POP CORN.—The neatest possible little ear of corn came to us in a letter the other day from our friend, M. W. Phillips, Esq., of the far off State of Mississippi. It is 12-rowed, a fraction over 3½ inches long, and about large quarters of an inch in its largest diameter. A hasty computation shows that its purple kernels must be nearly 500 in number, and, cob and all, it weighs a plump half ounce. Mr. Phillips calls it "Brazilian pop-corn, and informs us that his crop of it this year consisted of only 29 stalks—that these stalks, however, produced *two hundred and fifty ears* in a season excessively dry, and that on one stalk alone there were ne less than *twenty-five* ears. It is the *prettiest* thing of its kind we have seen, and shall have a trial when the summer comes.—*Country Gentleman.*

WINTER-FEEDING OF STOCK.—The Deerfield Farmers' Club lately discussed this subject, when the president is reported to have said that he fed his cattle with the best of hay and a peck of mangel wurzel in the morning, and half a peck of meal with hay at night. This is presumed to be for fatting stock. One member stated that two quarts of meal and a peck of potatoes would make more milk and cream than four quarts of meal. Another who had fed four quarts of meal a day for a week, and two quarts of meal and six of roots the next week, stated that the meal and roots produced most milk and cream.

Useful Receipts.

STOCK FOR CLEAR SOUP.—Cut two pounds of knuckle or scrag of veal into small pieces, place them in the iron pot or stewpan, with two ounces of salt butter or dripping, two ounces of lean bacon cut small, three spoonfuls of salt, half a spoonful of pepper, a gill of water, three middle-sized, or six ounces of, onions sliced. Put on the fire; when boiling, stir round with a spoon for about ten minutes, or until it forms a whitish thick gravy at the bottom, or gets rather dry, then add five pints of hot or cold water; when boiling, let it simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, skim it well, pass it through a sieve, and it will be found clear and ready for use, for the following soups. Only one-third of this quantity need be made. In case bacon or ham cannot be obtained, use half a pound more meat and a little more salt.

The meat not being over-stewed, will be found excellent eaten plain, or with parsley and butter, or any sauce.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BREAD FROM GROWN WHEAT.—A correspondent writes:—"In November, 1816, I was a visitor at a farm-house, within ten miles of Derby. Every sheaf of wheat was sprouted; it would not make bread. Chemical remedies were resorted to in vain; hands could not make, the oven could not bake a loaf; ten or twelve hours in a hot oven did not set the dough. I mention this as a proof of the very bad quality of the flour. The farmer's wife at length tried the experiment of boiling the flour, and then pounding it; and admirably it succeeded. More beautiful bread, cakes, and pikelets than this flour produced were never eaten. I now give the plan adopted and pursued. The quantity for a week's consumption was put into a clean bag, and then into the brewing copper of boiling water. Four or five stones of flour were boiled as many hours; the bag was then placed on a drainer over a tub until the next day, when a boy, with a wooden mallet, pounded the flour in the bag, until rather small. It was powdered fine with the rolling-pin upon the table. It is double trouble; but my friend was amply repaid for this by most excellent bread."

TUB CHEESE.—I send you the following receipt for making what is called tub cheese. We have made it in our family the past season—like the cheese better and it is much less labor than the usual mode.

Drain the curd dry, then add twice the quantity of salt you would for pressing; work it in as for butter; pack in tubs; put a cloth over to absorb the whey; change it as often as it becomes wet; put a cover fitted to the inside of the tub and a small weight over the cloth. Keep close from flies. May be put into the same tub at different times.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

WATERPROOFING LEATHER.—Mix together in a pipkin on the fire, two parts of tallow to one of resin, and having warmed the boots or shoes, apply it, melted, with a painter's brush, till they will not suck in any more. If well polished before applying the above mixture, they will polish afterwards.

WATERPROOFING CLOTH.—Imbue the cloth on the wrong side with a solution of isinglass, alum, and soap, by means of a brush. When dry, brush on the wrong side against the grain, and then go over with a brush dipped in water. This makes the cloth impervious (for a long time) to water, but not to air.

BLUE DYE FOR COTTON AND LINEN.—Cotton and linen articles are dyed blue by a solution of one part indigo, one part green sulphate of iron, and two parts quicklime.

KINGS AND SCAVENGERS.—It sounds strange to hear that the most healthy classes of men are the scavengers, but such is the fact; and it is assumed that the power of ashes to absorb noxious emanations of all kinds is at the bottom of the striking immunity which the scavenger exhibits from all febrile complaints. Of the upper classes, the clergyman lives the longest—the physician next—the lawyer next. The gentry may be reckoned as long-lived as the clergy; but the higher aristocracy are below the learned professions; and the members of the Royal Houses, again, average three years' less existence than even the aristocracy. Hodge, under his hedge, has a chance of thirteen years' longer life than a Bourbon or a Guelph, on the authority of those learned in vital statistics; so that we have contrasts to ponder on in modern life which our ancestors never dreamt of.—*Curiosities of Civilization.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 4, 14, 7, 19, 3, 36, 31, 8, 3, 12, 15, 16, 10, 38, 8, 36, 23, 42, is the name of a newspaper published in Philadelphia.

My 28, 14, 11, 18, 3, 19, 7, 30, 36, 14, 39, 33, is a city in Pennsylvania.

My 33, 34, 5, 19, 40, 21, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 19, 7, 4, 3, 37, 11, 4, is a city in Michigan.

My 23, 21, 39, 13, is a lake in the United States.

My 36, 14, 26, 27, is one of the United States.

My 12, 33, 36, 30, 30, 34, is a city in Europe.

My 2, 13, 7, 29, 39, 33, is a county in York State.

My 13, 14, 11, 21, 38, 42, 4, 9, 30, 15, 4, is a street in Philadelphia.

My 28, 7, 2, 9, 5, is a county in Mississippi.

My 10, 8, 34, 4, 33, 1, 7, is a place in New Mexico.

My 18, 5, 26, 34, 25, is a city in France.

My 3, 39, 2, 29, 20, 18, 8, 36, 31, 33, 4, 8, is a river in South America.

My 36, 20, 41, 24, 11, 33, is a country in Asia.

My 34, 17, 18, 7, is a river in Africa.

My 4, 3, 11, 28, 26, 18, 17, is a country in Barbary in Africa.

My 11, 37, 38, 8, is one of the United States.

My 19, 15, 18, 14, 17, is a city in the East Indies.

My 2, 12, 4, 23, 41, 17, 37, is a lake in the United States.

My 16, 20, 30, 18, 33, 22, 19, is a ship canal in America.

My 26, 14, 11, 37, is a river in the United States.

My 1, 8, 5, 40, 4, 13, 15, is a county in Virginia.

My 29, 8, 13, 29, 7, 18, is a Book in the Bible.

My 27, 26, 20, 25, 6, 13, 14, is a county in North Carolina.

My 7, 8, 13, 37, 12, is a county in Michigan.

My 28, 8, 13, 15, 21, 27, 37, 3, 19, is a river in Maine.

My 14, 33, 6, 13, 29, is an island.

My 4, 26, 41, 37, 34, 13, 2, is a city in Canada.

My whole is the name of a book written by Dr. Alcott. J. MOSER.

Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 9, 23, 16, 14, is sometimes useful.

My 21, 19, 27, 25, 13, all things have.

My 10, 34, 11, 17, is a sorry fellow.

My 1, 6, 27, 19, 22, 29, should be used in moderation.

My 22, 3, 8, 6, make splendid eating.

My 6, 16, 20, 1, 18, 4, is a very pretty little animal.

My 3, 15, 5, 15, 21, 28, 22, is a great use to mankind.

My 26, 8, 12, is used by editors.

My whole is a proverb that everybody should remember. R. T. ROVER.

Villa Hartwell, Pa.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a common noun, composed of five letters in one syllable; when duly prepared am good for food. By variously transposing and uniting my parts, 19 English words may be formed, viz.:—6 common nouns, 1 article, 1 adjective, 3 pronouns, 5 verbs, 1 preposition, and 2 interjections. What am I? What words may I form?

"KELTUB."

CHARADE.

My first travels on in a regular way,
And while it is wandering thus,
The handsomest mansions are built and decay,
In a manner peculiar to us.
My second's a portion of anything rare,
Or excessively common indeed,
A fragment, a particle, coin, or share,
And familiar to all who can read.
My whole is an instrument very correct
In its way, and may mostly be found
On the drawing-room sideboard to give an effect
To the ornaments scattered around.

GEO. M. F. GLENNY.

CHARADE.

I hold up my second my first to assist,
When objects before me appear in a mist;
I then lay it down, or what may seem droll,
Put it into my pocket and call it my whole.

ALPHA.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

James, Henry, and Joseph, were employed to hoe a field of corn for $32.10. James could hoe a row in 20 4-5 minutes; Henry in 25 3-5 minutes; and Joseph in 32 8-10 minutes. It so happened that when they all first came to the end of a row at the same instant, that the work was completed. How long were they engaged in the field; how many rows did the field contain; and how much in equity ought each to receive?

Manor Dale, Pa. J. F. H.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three graziers, A, B and C, rented a pasture, jointly, for 7 weeks. At first A put in 15 *sheep*, B put in 14 *cows*, and C put in 12 *oxen*. When A finds he must pay $30.00 per week. On the expiration of 3 weeks, A put in 10 *cows*, B put in 6 *oxen*, and C put in 13 *sheep*. When B finds he must pay $26.40 per week. On the expiration of 5 weeks, A put in 4 *oxen*, B put in 20 *sheep*, and C put in 18 *cows*, when C finds he must pay $32.00 per week. Required—the sum of money each must pay at the end of the term?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If you shoot a bullet through a board, what do you make besides a hole. Ans.—A riddle.

☞ Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans.—Because they have to *scratch* for a living.

☞ Why are the young ladies of Louisiana like printed slips? Ans.—Because they are La. belles, (labels.)

☞ What was the first sky-light ever used? Ans.—The sun.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—Parents. CHARADE—Book-case. CHARADE—Wright. CHARADE—Dust-brush. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—30 inches.

☞ The immense appetite of London is fed every year by about 270,300 oxen, besides 30,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 30,000 swine.